

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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IF A FAITH BE DESTROYED, NEW FAITH MUST BE FOUND: AN ARTIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE GREAT TEMPLE SCENE IN "FALSE GODS," PRODUCED ON TUESDAY LAST AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

M. Brieux's long-expected play embodies an idea which is applicable to all nations and all times: it is that if you destroy faith, the consolation that is necessary to humanity goes with it. The writer has placed the scene of action in the Egypt of the Pharaohs, to avoid the offence which a modern setting would have caused. Our Artist has illustrated the most impressive moment in the play. The scene is the Great Temple, a reproduction of the "Hall of Columns" in the Temple of Amon at Thebes. After the miracle of Isis has been performed, and the people, who a short time ago were ready to break the images of their gods, have returned to their old allegiance, the High Priest (Sir Herbert Tree) grants to the offenders the forgiveness of Amon.—[DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.]



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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## "KING LEAR," AT THE HAYMARKET.

ARE we to accept the scholars' idea of "King Lear," that it is too tremendous a tragedy for stage-representation, that, being more poem than drama, its very lyrical sublimity and humanitarian passion lift it too high for the ordinary player to attain to its level? Or are we to hold that, since Shakespeare obviously wrote it to be acted, we had better have it imperfectly performed than banished from our repertory merely because it demands, in its leading representative at least, qualities not short of genius? Opinion generally has decided in favour of chancing the possibility of its being underplayed and leaving the audience to supply rather more than the usual amount of sympathetic imagination. Meantime, it is a fact that the great Lear of our stage, as compared with the great Hamlets or Shylocks or Macbeths, have been few and far between. No Shakespearean part save Othello calls for such sustained vehemence and emotional intensity, and Lear asks, beside the rapt vision of a seer, the exaltation of a poet. But, even so, surely there is every reason to be grateful for such a rendering of the play as that now provided under Mr. Herbert Trench's auspices at the Haymarket—a rendering which, while it does not reach actual inspiration, is nevertheless reverent, harmonious, and thoroughly capable and intelligent. Here we get, thanks to Mr. Charles Ricketts' designs, an appropriate and beautiful semi-barbaric setting; here we obtain an arrangement of the text which does not pander to an actor-manager's whims; here we have acting that seeks to keep within the picture and to preserve ensemble. Mr. Norman McKinnel's Lear begins enormously well; there is majesty in his picture of the King who so rashly surrenders his power; there is a splendid resonance about his delivery of the early speeches, though hardly, perhaps, the explosiveness one might desire. It is in the scenes in which, stripped of his royalty, Lear faces the elements, and learns his glorious compassion for the world's outcasts, that the actor proves inadequate. Here we miss the imaginativeness and poetry that should inform his reading; here, too, we find restraint where there should be passion—the modern habit of self-suppression where there should be an absolute abandonment to the mood of the moment. Mr. McKinnel does not seem to recognise that Lear unpacks his heart in words, keeps nothing back, has no reserve. The Cordelia of Miss Ellen O'Malley has girlish sweetness, but she does not suggest the sunny temper, the heroic self-devotedness of Shakespeare's Cordelia. The Goneril and Regan of Miss Ada Ferrar and Miss Polini strike too modern a note, and so does Mr. Dawson Milward's Edmund, good in other respects. The Edgar of Mr. Charles Quartermaine handles the mad scenes cleverly; and Mr. Hignett's Fool is quite on the right lines, save when he tries to sing. The Gloucester of Mr. Hearn is horribly impressive in the moment of his being blinded, giving the audience a veritable thrill; and Mr. C. V. France as the stolid and bluntly faithful Kent scores the unqualified success of the revival.

## "MAKING A GENTLEMAN," AT THE GARRICK.

Mr. Sutro has not yet got over his habit of mistaking conventional stage types for genuine human beings. In his new Garrick comedy, "Making a Gentleman," he gives us one flesh-and-blood person—a sort of *nouveaux-riche* Père Goriot—and surrounds him with characters that are either only half-finished sketches or else are variants on those stock figures which are never seen outside of stageland. It seems, indeed, as if Mr. Sutro had lost his sense of perspective, and were accustomed now to study human nature from plays instead of from life. We are interested in his retired pickle-manufacturer who has resolved to give his children better social chances than he had himself, and has sent the boy to Eton and Oxford, and married the girl into an impoverished Peer's family, only to find them fail him in an emergency. When his fortune disappears, and he resolves to start afresh in a new world (that old, hackneyed idea!), his daughter shows not a scrap of gratitude or generosity, and is all for securing her own comforts and luxuries; while the boy, though at first anxious to help, is so limp and disinclined to exertion, that he is soon persuaded into solving his difficulties by marrying a baroness with a "past" and a fortune. So that the old man has at last to content himself with the company of an orphan girl who is no relative, but rewards his adoption of her with unstinted devotion. Save the baroness, who, had she had more care lavished over her portraiture, might have been made into a very charming woman, and is made charming, so far as is possible, by the art of Miss Ethel Irving, there is no character in the play that has an air of actuality save the unhappy father, and him, of course, Mr. Bouchier individualises cleverly with that robust and breezy style which he commands. For the other folk, Mr. Kenneth Douglas, Miss Muriel Beaumont, Miss Agnes Thomas, Mr. Maurice and Miss Athene Seyler, do their best, Miss Seyler, particularly, lending tenderness to the scenes in which the orphan girl appears.

## "THE WHIP," AT DRURY LANE.

By this time every playgoer who has any curiosity knows that the new Drury Lane drama provided by those experts, Messrs. Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton, is a play of sporting life, showing us a real pack of hounds in their kennels and a whole set of race-horses with their jockeys, and that its big sensation involves a railway collision brought about by the villain to ensure the destruction of the horse that gives the piece its title. No doubt the scene in which this villain is perceived making his way along the footboard of the lighted train, as it passes through a tunnel, to uncouple the horse-box at the rear, and cause it to drift in front of a coming express, followed, as it is, by another and culminating scene in which a woman, after racing the express in a motor-car, just manages to release the horse and its stable-boy companion before the crash occurs, may be safely counted upon to make the fortunes of "The

Whip." But there are other popular elements in this melodrama: a plot turning on a sham marriage-certificate to which an unworthy parson lends his countenance; a hunt-breakfast interrupted by the entrance of the peer-hero's pretended wife, episodes in which a stable-boy, whose sister has been betrayed, rounds on the seducer ("Call yourself a gentleman," etc.), and some most amusing farce in connection with the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's—not to mention a situation in which the telephone plays a part and a trainer is able thereby to warn his employers of the villain's scheme to kill the horse—far more genuinely thrilling than the laboured mechanism of the collision. Apart from its atmosphere of sport, what will please Mr. Collins's patrons most is that the play allows the man in the street to watch and, as it were, share in the luxuries and pleasures and routine of our own rich and aristocratic classes. It is well interpreted by a large cast of players, but does not provide any big chances. Miss Fanny Brough has a telling part as a lady who is attached to, but hesitates about marrying, a trainer. Miss Jessie Bateman acts with charming naturalness as the darling and heiress of a sporting peer. Mr. Cyril Keightley happily avoids conventionality in the rôle of the villain. Mr. Basil Gill is melodramatically effective as the repentant parson; and Miss Nancy Price makes a picturesque adventuress. The scene-painters show to best advantage in their realisation of the outside aspect and internal appointments of a nobleman's country seat.

## "FALSE GODS," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

The play with which Sir Herbert Tree has reopened His Majesty's is a drama of pretensions, a drama with an interesting idea and clash of ideas, a drama of picturesque accessories and dramatic situations, a drama of poetic feeling and stirring rhetoric; and yet it is full of artifice and insincerity, it has many dull moments, and it is characterised by a rather depressing monotony. "False Gods," as Mr. Fagan calls his adaptation of M. Brieux's tragedy, "La Foi," has its scenes laid in ancient Egypt when a Pharaoh was nominal ruler and the priests tyrannised over men's souls and bodies in the name of Isis and kindred deities. It shows us a novice for the priesthood returning home utterly rebellious against the creed of his fellows and filled with a great compassion to see them—especially the slaves—patient under a life of toil and misery because they cling to the lie, as he holds it, of a future life of compensating happiness. He bids them smash their idols, and give up the lie, and for a while they accept him as a prophet. But they require impossibilities from him—the sick expect to be healed, and all ask for a miracle. This Satni refuses, and only gradually learns of how much he has robbed his adherents. His sweetheart is a victim of religious mania, and wants to make a living sacrifice of herself to the gods; but then, according to him, the gods are dead. A blind woman has gained daily joy and consolation from her faith, but he takes from her the possibility of ever seeing her loved ones in another world. His father, in his death-throes, fights madly against the prospect his son holds out of eternal silence beyond the grave. Still Satni persists, till the high priest, a subtle casuist, opens his eyes to the mental suffering he has caused, and persuades him to lend a hand at a sham miracle in the temple. Too late Satni confesses his fraud to the congregation; his sweetheart Yaouma has vowed herself to Isis, and he himself is murdered by a follower enraged at his deceit. The theme, it will be seen, turns on a topic of perennial interest to humanity, and what immortality means to mankind is well worked out. The conflict, too, between superstition and revolt, priestcraft and the desire for truth, is cleverly presented. And there is pathos in the piece, and fine speeches, and appeals to eye and ear in religious ritual and M. Saint-Saëns' illustrative music. But oh, what perpetual harping on one string; what deadly seriousness; what long-drawn stretches of poetic diction; what an unconvincing change in the hero's attitude! For Mr. Ainley, as Satni, the play was one continuous triumph of declamation. And Sir Herbert Tree in only a single act did wonders with the sophistic arguments of the High Priest. But Mrs. Patrick Campbell was desperately monotonous in the blind woman's laments over her lost faith, and Miss Evelyn D'Alooy, with all her charm, kept too much in Yaouma's part to one's key.

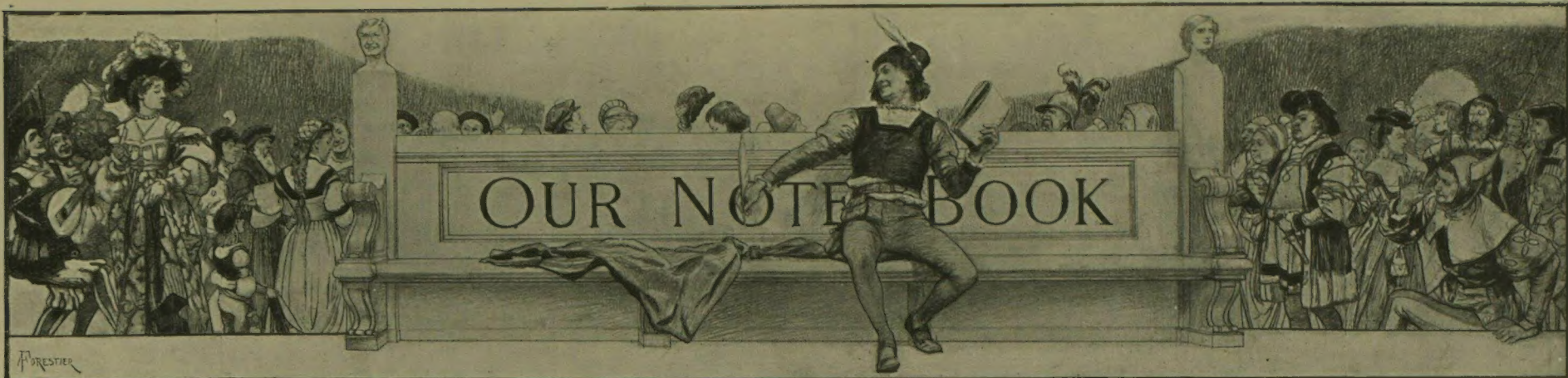
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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, among much that was arid and arbitrary, said at least two very sound and useful things: first, that we, the modern English, are much too prone to worship "machinery"—that is, the means rather than the end; and secondly, that we ought to cultivate to a great extent the habit of letting our thoughts "play round" a subject. This page of this paper seems to be an admirable and specially appointed place for playing round. Nevertheless, if you allow your mind to play round anything that is worshipped as machinery, you will probably get into trouble. I have myself, for instance, been sternly rebuked of late for saying that what I wanted was not votes, but democracy. People spoke as if this were some sort of awful apostasy from the Liberal position; whereas, it is a humble remark of exactly the same sort as saying that I want, not the Brighton express, but Brighton; not the Calais boat, but Calais; not a Polar Expedition, but the North Pole. The test of a democracy is not whether the people vote, but whether the people rule. The essence of a democracy is that the national tone and spirit of the typical citizen is apparent and striking in the actions of the State, that France is governed in a French way, or Germany in a German way, or Spain in a Spanish way. Votes may be the most convenient way of achieving this effect; but votes are quite vain if they do not achieve it. And sometimes they do not. I venture to say that the average Frenchman was much more behind the conscription of Napoleon I. than the average Englishman was behind that mass of anti-civic nonsense, the Children Bill. The art of politics is not managing a machine, but managing a personality. Parliament is called "it," but England is called "she." Yet the extent to which this sense of national or local colour has been lost is really amazing. A man in a train told me the other day that some Model Settlement or Garden City or some such thing that he lived in "had the real life of an old English village." When I asked him about the inn, he told me that they had voted for having a teetotal inn. He seemed to have no sense of how he had painted out the whole picture with one sweep of the brush. It is as if he had said, "How charming is an old English village at evening, when the Muezzin is calling from the shining pinnacle of the Mosque!"

It is this lack of atmosphere that always embarrasses me when my friends come and tell me about the movement of Indian Nationalism. I do not doubt for a moment that the young idealists who ask for Indian independence are very fine fellows; most young idealists are fine fellows. I do not doubt for an instant that many of our Imperial officials are stupid and oppressive; most Imperial officials are stupid and oppressive. But when I am confronted with the actual papers and statements of the Indian Nationalists I feel much more dubious, and, to tell the truth, a little bored. The principal weakness of Indian Nationalism seems to be that it is not very Indian and not very national. It is all about Herbert Spencer and Heaven knows what. What is the good of the Indian national spirit if it cannot protect its people from Herbert Spencer? I am not fond of the philosophy of Buddhism; but it is not so shallow as Spencer's philosophy; it has real ideas of its

own. One of the papers, I understand, is called the *Indian Sociologist*. What are the young men of India doing that they allow such an animal as a sociologist to pollute their ancient villages and poison their kindly homes?

When all is said, there is a rational distinction between a people asking for its own ancient life and a people asking for things that have been wholly invented by somebody else. There is a difference between

been pestilence; but I would sooner die of the plague than die of toil and vexation in order to avoid the plague. There would have been religious differences dangerous to public peace; but I think religion more important than peace. Life is very short; a man must live somehow and die somewhere; the amount of bodily comfort a peasant gets under your best Republic is not so much more than mine. If you do not like our sort of spiritual comfort, we never asked you to. Go, and leave us with it."

Suppose an Indian said that, I should call him an Indian Nationalist, or, at least, an authentic Indian, and I think it would be very hard to answer him. But the Indian Nationalists whose works I have read simply say with ever-increasing excitability, "Give me a ballot-box. Provide me with a Ministerial dispatch-box. Hand me over the Lord Chancellor's wig. I have a natural right to be Prime Minister. I have a heaven-born claim to introduce a Budget. My soul is starved if I am excluded from the Editorship of the *Daily Mail*," or words to that effect.

Now this, I think, is not so difficult to answer. The most sympathetic person is tempted to cry plaintively, "But, hang it all, my excellent Oriental (may your shadow never grow less), we invented all these things. If they are so very good as you make out, you owe it to us that you have ever heard of them. If they are indeed natural rights, you would never even have thought of your natural rights but for us. If voting is so very absolute and divine (which I am inclined rather to doubt myself), then certainly we have some of the authority that belongs to the founders of a true religion, the bringers of salvation." When the Hindu takes this very haughty tone and demands a vote on the spot as a sacred necessity of man, I can only express my feelings by supposing the situation reversed. It seems to me very much as if I were to go into Tibet and find the Grand Lama or some great spiritual authority, and were to demand to be treated as a Mahatma or something of that kind. The Grand Lama would very reasonably reply: "Our religion is either true or false; it is either worth having or not worth having. If you know better than we do, you do not want our religion. But if you do want our religion, please remember that it is our religion; we discovered it, we studied it, and we know whether a man is a Mahatma or not. If you want one of our peculiar privileges, you must accept our peculiar discipline and pass our peculiar standards, to get it."

Perhaps you think I am opposing Indian Nationalism. That is just where you make a mistake; I am letting my mind play round the subject. This is especially desirable when we are dealing with the deep conflict between two complete civilisations. Nor do I deny the existence of natural rights. The right of a people to express itself, to be itself in arts and action, seems to me a genuine right. If there is such a thing as India, it has a right to be Indian. But Herbert Spencer is not Indian; "Sociology" is not Indian; all this pedantic clatter about culture and science is not Indian. I often wish it were not English either. But this is our first abstract difficulty, that we cannot feel certain that the Indian Nationalist is national.

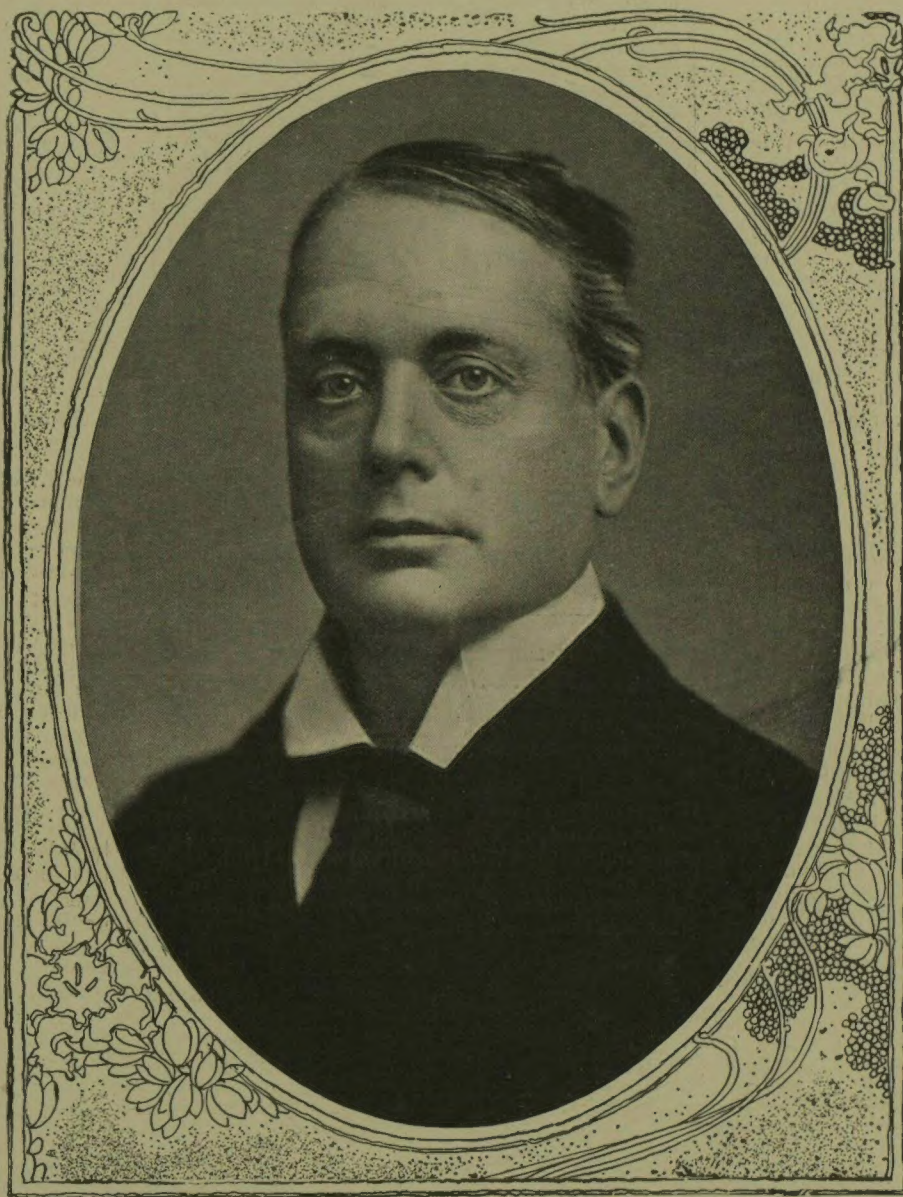


Photo. Ferrard.

**A GREAT DISSENTIENT FROM THE BUDGET: LORD ROSEBERY, WHOSE SPEECH AT GLASGOW HAS CAUSED SUCH A SENSATION.**

In his great denunciation of the Budget at Glasgow last week, Lord Rosebery stated that he had long ceased to be in communion with the Liberal party. "The Budget," he said, "is introduced as a Liberal measure. It is a new Liberalism, and not the one I have known and practised, under more illustrious auspices than these, as Mr. Gladstone's humble disciple. . . . Tyranny is not Liberalism, but Socialism. . . . I may think Tariff Reform or Protection an evil, but Socialism is the end of all, the negation of faith, of family, of property, of the Monarchy, and of Empire. . . . With real sorrow I find it the parting of the ways, and I must go the road of public economy." Before he delivered his speech, Lord Rosebery resigned his office as President of the Liberal League, of which he was one of the founders seven years ago. Its formation in 1902 marked an interesting stage in the development of Liberalism. There had previously been a division between the schools of thought represented on the one hand by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and on the other by Lord Rosebery, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane, and Sir Edward Grey. The object of the Liberal League was to bring together these conflicting elements, and the common ground on which they were able to meet was the policy laid down in Lord Rosebery's famous speech at Chesterfield. This union, as far as Lord Rosebery is concerned, at any rate, has now been once more broken up.

a conquered people demanding its own institutions and the same people demanding the institutions of the conqueror. Suppose an Indian said: "I heartily wish India had always been free from white men and all their works. Every system has its sins: and we prefer our own. There would have been dynastic wars; but I prefer dying in battle to dying in hospital. There would have been despotism; but I prefer one king whom I hardly ever see to a hundred kings regulating my diet and my children. There would have

complete civilisations. Nor do I deny the existence of natural rights. The right of a people to express itself, to be itself in arts and action, seems to me a genuine right. If there is such a thing as India, it has a right to be Indian. But Herbert Spencer is not Indian; "Sociology" is not Indian; all this pedantic clatter about culture and science is not Indian. I often wish it were not English either. But this is our first abstract difficulty, that we cannot feel certain that the Indian Nationalist is national.





MR. A. W. MACDONALD BOSVILLE,  
The claimant in the famous Macdonald case.  
Photo. Rosemont, Leeds.

PORTRAITS  
AND  
WORLD'S NEWS.

THE DUKE OF THE ABRUZZI,  
Who has beaten all mountaineering records.  
Photo. Bossi.

THE RT. REV. EDWARD ASH WERE, D.D.,  
The new Bishop Suffragan of Stafford.

THE REV. WILLOUGHBY C. ALLEN,  
The new Archdeacon of Manchester.

country gentlemen in the Ridings of Yorkshire, is bringing an action to declare the legitimacy of his grandfather, the eldest son of the third Lord Macdonald of the Isles, the representative of one of the oldest and most famous families in Scotland. The case comes on again next month, and the proceedings, so far as they have gone, relate to a strange and romantic story, gathering around an old and almost forgotten princely liaison and a Gretna Green marriage. Mr. Bosville is not claiming the Macdonald peerage, nor the Macdonald estates, which had been settled by Act of Parliament many years ago. What he desires is to establish the legitimacy of his grandfather.

Herr Dernburg, the German Colonial Minister, is shortly coming to this country on a visit, and he has been invited to Liverpool as the guest of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine, who will entertain him at a combined banquet. For his age—he is only forty-three—he is one of the most remarkable statesmen of the present day. He had made a great reputation in the financial and industrial world long before being chosen by the Kaiser as the main support of his Empire-making policy. He is also the author of a great scheme for the development of German Africa.

The Rev. W. C. Allen, who has accepted the Archdeaconry of Manchester, is Principal of Egerton Hall, Manchester, and examining Chaplain to the Bishop, and was formerly a Fellow and Lecturer of Exeter College, Oxford. He is the author of a commentary on the Gospel of St. Matthew in the "International Critical Commentary," and is a lecturer in the History of Christian Doctrine in the University of Manchester.

The new Bishop Suffragan of Stafford, the Right Rev. Edward Ash Were, has hitherto been Bishop Suffragan of Derby. He was an assistant-master and chaplain at Winchester until 1880. After having been vicar of several local parishes, he was consecrated as Suffragan Bishop of Derby and Archdeacon of Derby in 1901. He resigned his benefice in 1900, and has resided at Collingwood Hall, near Burton-on-Trent.

Mr. E. H. Harriman, the American Railway King, who has just died after a voyage undertaken owing to the breakdown of his health, was one of the biggest "powers" in the United States. He controlled all the most important railway interests in the country, and his word was law over nearly 60,000 miles of American railway—more than twice as much territory as the whole of the railways of Great Britain and Ireland. He made millions of pounds for his associates and himself, but his great ambition was power rather than money. His methods of finance and his huge wealth made him at one time the worst-abused and most-hated man in the United States; but although his financial methods may have justified some degree of popular dislike, the railways

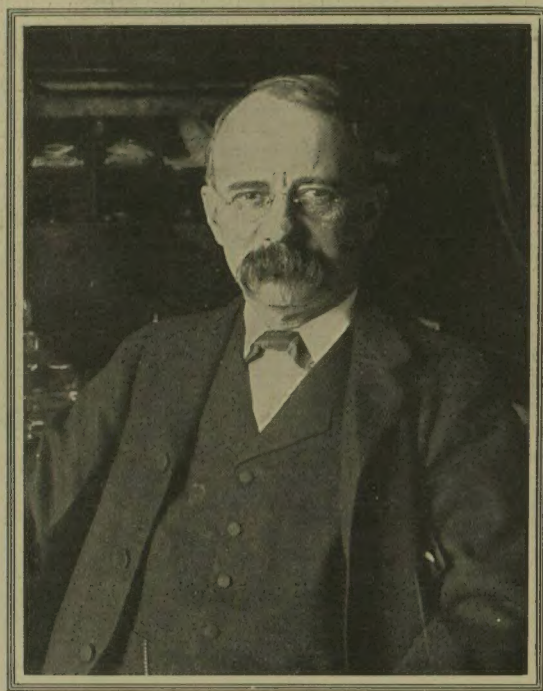
of which he obtained control were always greatly improved afterwards, both as regards rolling stock and service. Strange to say, this much-hated and much-feared magnate was in private life a gentle, slight, inconspicuous person, with a great love of the open-air life, and a genuine interest in the poor of New York. He spent a quarter of a million dollars on the Boys' Club building in New York, which is said to be the best-appointed institution of its kind in that city, and he not only bore the whole cost

Smith," the Chicago multi-millionaire, from whom she inherited £1,000,000. The wedding was attended by numerous members of the Austrian nobility. The young couple will be known in future as the Duque and Duquesa de Vizeu.

The Duke of the Abruzzi, that daring royal explorer and mountaineer, has broken all climbing records by his ascent of 24,600 feet up Bride Peak, in the Himalayas, the highest mountain-climb ever recorded by man. It was only the thick fog which prevailed that prevented him from proceeding to the summit of the peak. The Duke, who is a cousin of the King of Italy, and a Captain in the Italian Navy, has spent many years in exploration and adventures, although his age is only thirty-six. He has scaled the loftiest peaks of the mountains of Canada and Alaska, and in 1899 he achieved a Polar record on an expedition which he organised himself, reaching, with a sledge-party, the nearest point attained up to that period. He was also the first man to ascend the hitherto unconquered heights of Mount Ruwenzori, on the borders of Uganda and the Congo Free State.

Britons for the  
South Pole.

The Americans, apparently, after very many years' strenuous efforts, have succeeded in obtaining the honour of being first at the North Pole, whilst several expeditions are being fitted out post-haste to try to wrest our Antarctic honours from us. Captain Scott, whose hard work at the South Pole in the interests of science and British achievement in the past has made him particularly well fitted to obtain the coveted prize, is not going to allow others to steal a march upon him, and offices have already been opened in Victoria Street for the "British Antarctic Expedition, 1910," where equipment, staff, and, most important of all, subscriptions, are already being received or discussed. Captain Scott will break fresh ground on this new expedition, and he will bring new methods to the assistance of ripe experience. The transport will probably consist of a combination of dogs, ponies, and motor-sledges, and for some time Captain Scott has been carrying out experiments with various types of motor-sledges, to see which kind is most suitable for work on the soft drifting snow of the South Pole and the slippery pack-ice of the Polar Sea. He has had motors before, and so have Lieutenant Shackleton and other explorers, as photographs which we publish on a later page will show. Indeed, in future the motor seems destined to play a very big part in Arctic and Antarctic exploration.



THE LATE MR. E. H. HARRIMAN,  
The great American financier known as "the Railway King."  
of its maintenance, but took a constant and active interest in its management.

Admiral von Holtzendorff, who succeeds Prince Henry of Prussia as Commander-in-Chief of the German Navy, is fifty-six years of age, and has commanded the First Squadron of the High Seas Fleet since 1906. He is a man of commanding aspect, with keen, penetrating eyes and an air of great resolution and firmness.

Prince Miguel of Braganza, who has renounced his claim to the throne of Portugal,



ADMIRAL VON HOLTZENDORFF,  
The new Chief Commander of the German High Seas Fleet.



PRINCE MIGUEL OF BRAGANZA.  
MISS ANITA STEWART.  
Prince Miguel of Braganza, son of the Duke of Braganza, and Miss Anita Stewart were married on Wednesday last at Dingwall in Scotland.  
Photographs by Lafayette and Lallie Charles.

was married at Tulloch Castle, Ross-shire, on Wednesday, to Miss Anita Stewart, step-daughter of the late Mr. James Henry Smith, or "Silent

public soon found nicknames to recall the salient features of the various flying-machines they saw. To the uninitiated the most singular feature about the very successful

[Continued overleaf.]



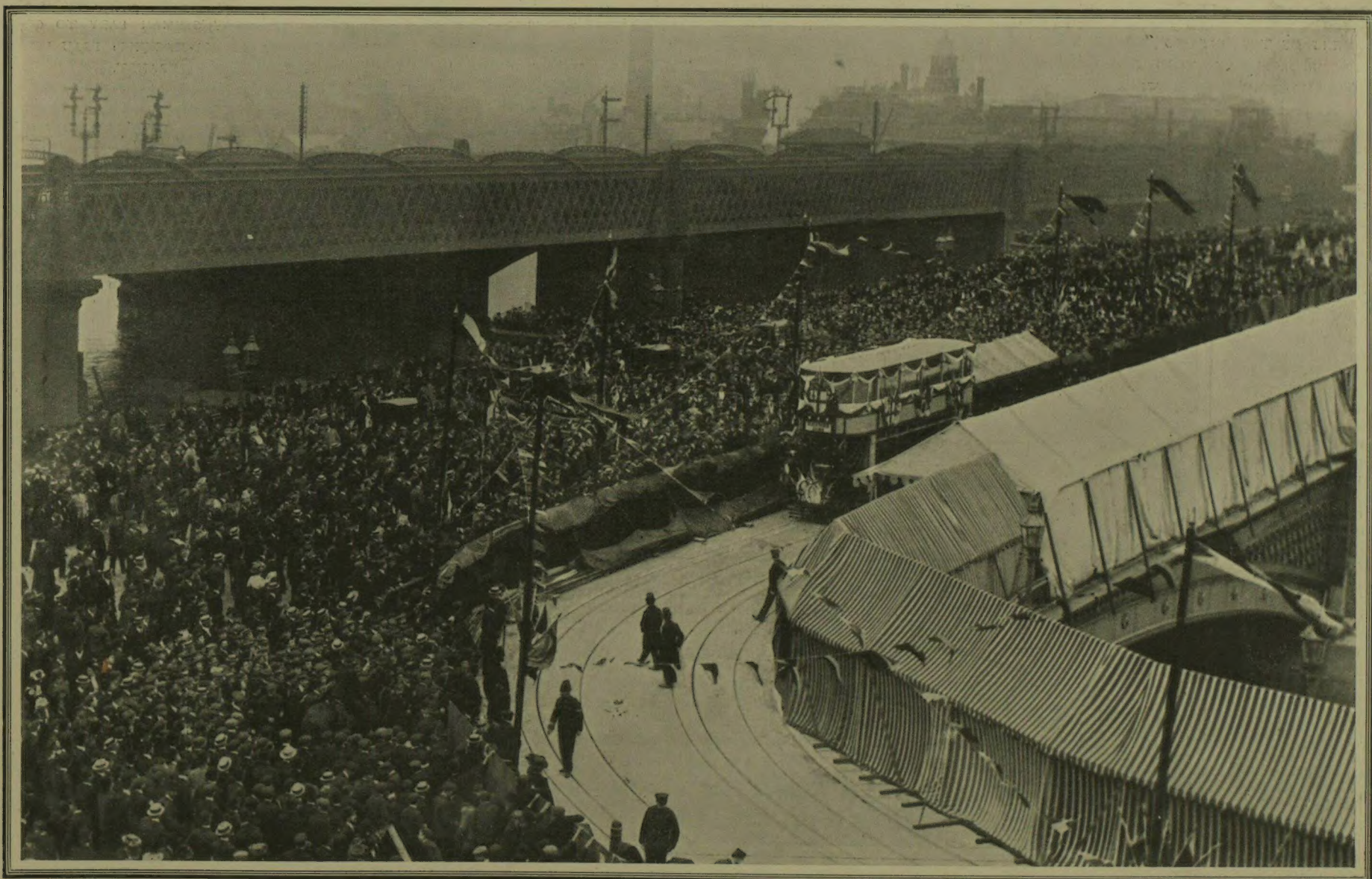
## FROM BORDEAUX TO BLACKFRIARS: TWO INTERESTING PROCESSIONS.



## BACCHUS AT BORDEAUX: THE GOD OF WINE IN THE HEART OF THE WINE COUNTRY.

In these days of local pageantry it was certainly appropriate that Bordeaux should celebrate the god of wine. The fêtes which took place there recently began with a procession of cars, with nymphs representing various vintages, as St. Emilion, Barsac, St. Estephe, Cognac and Armagnac. After the processions, Bacchus celebrated a triumph, on a wooden amphitheatre built to imitate the walls of ancient Burdigola. The triumph was arranged as an operetta, with libretto by M. Henri Cain and score by M. Camille Erlanger. The parts of Ceres, Autumn, and Winter were sung by Madame Litvinne, and those of Bacchus, Summer, and a barbarian chief by M. Muratore, the tenore robusto of the Paris Opera. The cost of the fêtes amounted to about £10 000.

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRANGER.



## AN L.C.C. TRIUMPH: THE LORD MAYOR DRIVING THE FIRST TRAMCAR OVER BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE.

Blackfriars Bridge, which, now that it has been enlarged, is the widest of the Thames bridges, was opened for tramway traffic last Tuesday. The Lord Mayor, Sir George Truscott, performed the ceremony of removing the last barrier, and a procession of decorated cars thereupon crossed the bridge from the Embankment to the south side. The Lord Mayor drove the first car, and the Chairman of the L.C.C., Sir Melvill Beachcroft, Mr. John Burns, and Dr. Macnamara also rode in it. The widening of the bridge was carried out by Sir William Arrol and Co.

PHOTOGRAPH BY S. O. R. T. AND GENERAL.



aeroplane which Mr. Cody has built for his contemplated London-to-Manchester flight is the hickory spring, or "tail," at the back of the structure, which can be plainly seen in our photograph on another page. The immediate use of this appendage is to prevent shock as much as possible in landing on hard ground, and to act as a brake against the momentum after landing. Unfortunately it could not save Mr. Cody from a serious accident last Tuesday, when he was thrown out on descending. The machine came to a sudden standstill owing to a wheel getting stuck.

### Blackpool's Flying Week.

The flying week that has been arranged by the enterprising authorities of Blackpool for next month bids fair to be a great success, if only sufficient aviators of experience can be found who are able to compete. So far as money is concerned, there is no difficulty whatever, as sufficient money has already been subscribed or guaranteed to allow of a very substantial prize-list and a guarantee of £400 expenses to each competitor. The ground, too, embracing as it does the course of the Blackpool Golf Club, is an excellent one, and the support of the public is assured. But it is in connection with the aviators themselves that the possibilities of a hitch have arisen; there are so few men at present who can really be counted upon as actual flyers, and the

success of the Rheims

meeting has provoked so many similar "Aviation Weeks" that most of the foremost aviators are very fully engaged. However, it is to be hoped that the difficulty will be successfully overcome, and that Blackpool's enterprise may be rewarded by a record-making meeting, the first that will have been held on British soil.

### The War in Morocco.

In sending us his sketch of the recent fighting at

Zoco el Arba, our Special Correspondent with the Spanish forces, Mr. Frederic Villiers, says: "The Moors attacked the camp in force, but were held at bay by the El Rey and Leon regiments, whose rifle-fire was excellent, assisted by the Schneider batteries. Presently a large body of Arab horse charged down on the right flank of the infantry, but were held in check by the Schneiders. The Spanish cavalry squadron of Maria Teresa enticed them nearer within range of the artillery, apparently eager to meet them in hand-to-hand combat, then turned towards the camp, leaving the Moorish cavalry engulfed in ten-minute shells from the Schneiders, when they turned and fled towards the foothills, some in their flight plunging into the Mar-chica or inland sea, which stretches on the right rear of the Spanish position. The Spanish force was under the command of General Aguilera."

### Parliament.

The busiest season of the year for the Lords has now begun. After waiting for about seven months with little legislative work to

considered in a comparatively small House. They were denounced by Mr. Balfour and Captain Pretyman and other Unionists, as well as by one Liberal, as an unfair and excessive charge on the capital and industry of the country, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in a speech obviously intended as a reply to Lord Rosebery's attack, calculated that the additional duties if charged as income-tax would amount to only 3½d. in the £. Quoting one of Lord Rosebery's phrases, he ridiculed the idea of 3½d. being "the end of all things." Liberals laughed and cheered, but Unionists were not satisfied or relieved. Fortunately the end of the Committee stage of the Bill is within a week or two of completion, for the whole House is confessedly very weary. On Tuesday Mr. Lloyd-George announced some important concessions regarding the death duties. The first was that marriage settlements are not to be considered as gifts for the purposes of the Bill. The second reduced from five to three years the period before death during which it is proposed to make gifts liable to death duties. The debate provoked an amusing speech from Mr. Balfour. He suggested that if a man gives his money to an institution for cats he escapes taxation, but if he is criminal enough to give his son £5000 to start in business he is taxed for death duties. "Why is it," he asked, "that

you can give to cats

and not to sons?"

### Our Supplement.

In the pages of our Supplement this week will be found the most extraordinary series of snapshots of wild animals which have been caught by the camera in their native haunts that has ever been presented

by means of photography, and it is not, perhaps, too much to say that they mark an epoch in natural history studies. Nothing so realistic has ever been seen before in the shape of a photographic print, unless it be among previous examples of the work of Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, who has penetrated the innermost recesses of the British East African jungle in order to obtain them. The trials and dangers of stalking wild beasts in their lairs with a camera can well be imagined, and Mr. Dugmore was not content with the dangers of the day, but got upon the trail of his prey when they came to water in the silent watches of the night. His adventures have been many, but so far, luckily, his accidents have been few, whilst the excellence of the results which he has obtained from his labours can be seen by a study of our Supplement pages, which contain a selection of marvellous snapshots of hartebeestes, crocodiles, hippopotami, hyenas, zebras, giraffes, and even a lioness, the last taken from inside a shelter of thornbush not more than ten yards away.

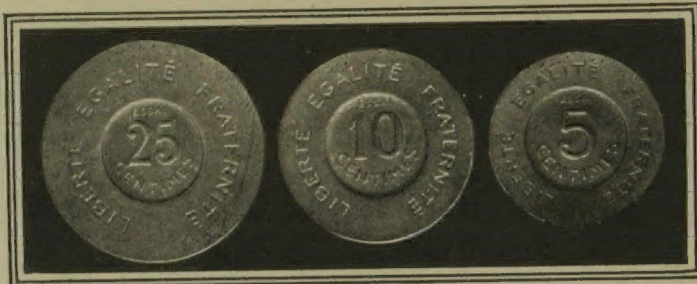


Photo, Haystones.

### TO COMMEMORATE THE SITE OF THE OLD GLOBE PLAYHOUSE: A NEW SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.

This bronze mural memorial will mark the site of the old Globe Playhouse, Bank Side, now occupied by a brewery in Park Street, Southwark. It has been set up by the Shakespeare Reading Society of London, and by subscribers in the United Kingdom and in India. The memorial was executed by Professor Lanteri from the design of Dr. William Martin, and it will be unveiled on October 8 by Sir H. Beerbohm Tree.

do, they are finding their hands full. Mr. John Burns has sent them, in a sanguine, confident temper, the Housing and Town-Planning Bill, which contains departmental powers placing him in a position—according to bantering critics—like that of Cæsar and Louis XIV. and other autocrats; and the final touches



Photo, Beard.

### THE FIRST USE OF ALUMINIUM FOR COINAGE IN EUROPE: SOME NEW FRENCH PIECES (ACTUAL SIZE).

Before the end of the year the French Government will put into circulation one-sou, two-sou, and five-sou pieces, made of aluminium. The first will be rather larger than a sixpence, the second and third about the size of a shilling and a florin respectively. The obverse will bear a head of the Republic, and the reverse the value of the coin. This will be the first use of aluminium for money ever made in Europe.

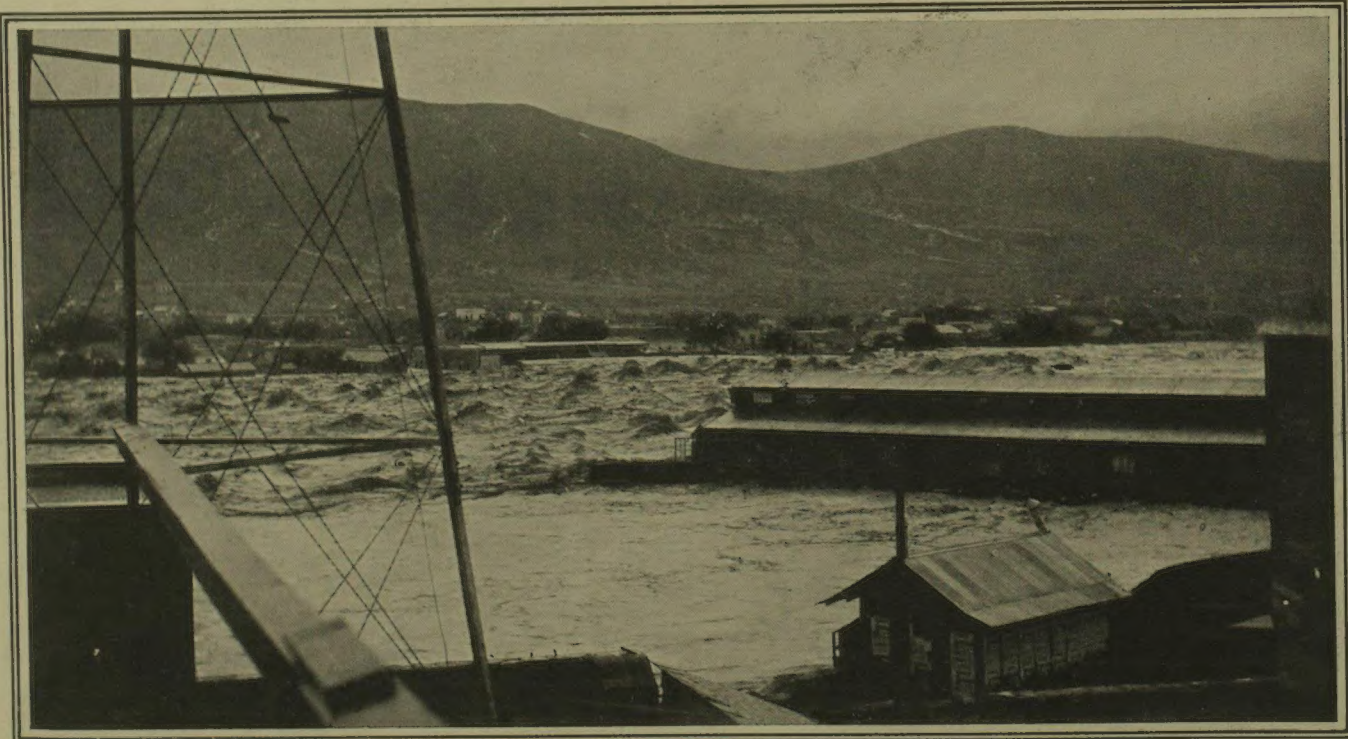
of the Commons have been given this week to the Irish Land Bill, in regard to whose future elsewhere some fears are entertained by its few sincere friends. Peers who dislike to spend autumn at Westminster may shudder when they hear of the Development Bill being prepared for them after the middle of September, while the London Elections Bill is still held in reserve in the back-ground. All measures, however, continue to be over-shadowed by the Finance Bill. Its licensing clauses having been completed under Mr. Asquith's charge last week, Mr. Lloyd-George resumed control on Monday, when the death duties were



Photo, World's Graphic Press.

### THE FIRST GERMAN LADY TO GO UP IN A FLYING-MACHINE: FRAU HILDENBRANDT.

Frau Hildenbrandt, like Mrs. Cody and Miss Bacon in this country, has set a bold example to her sisters in Germany by being the first lady to fly in an aeroplane. In addition to this, she was also Mr. Wright's first pupil in Germany.



Photo, W. D. Hornaday.

### "ROLLING DOOM": THE GREAT FLOOD WHICH PARTIALLY DESTROYED MONTEREY AT ITS HEIGHT.

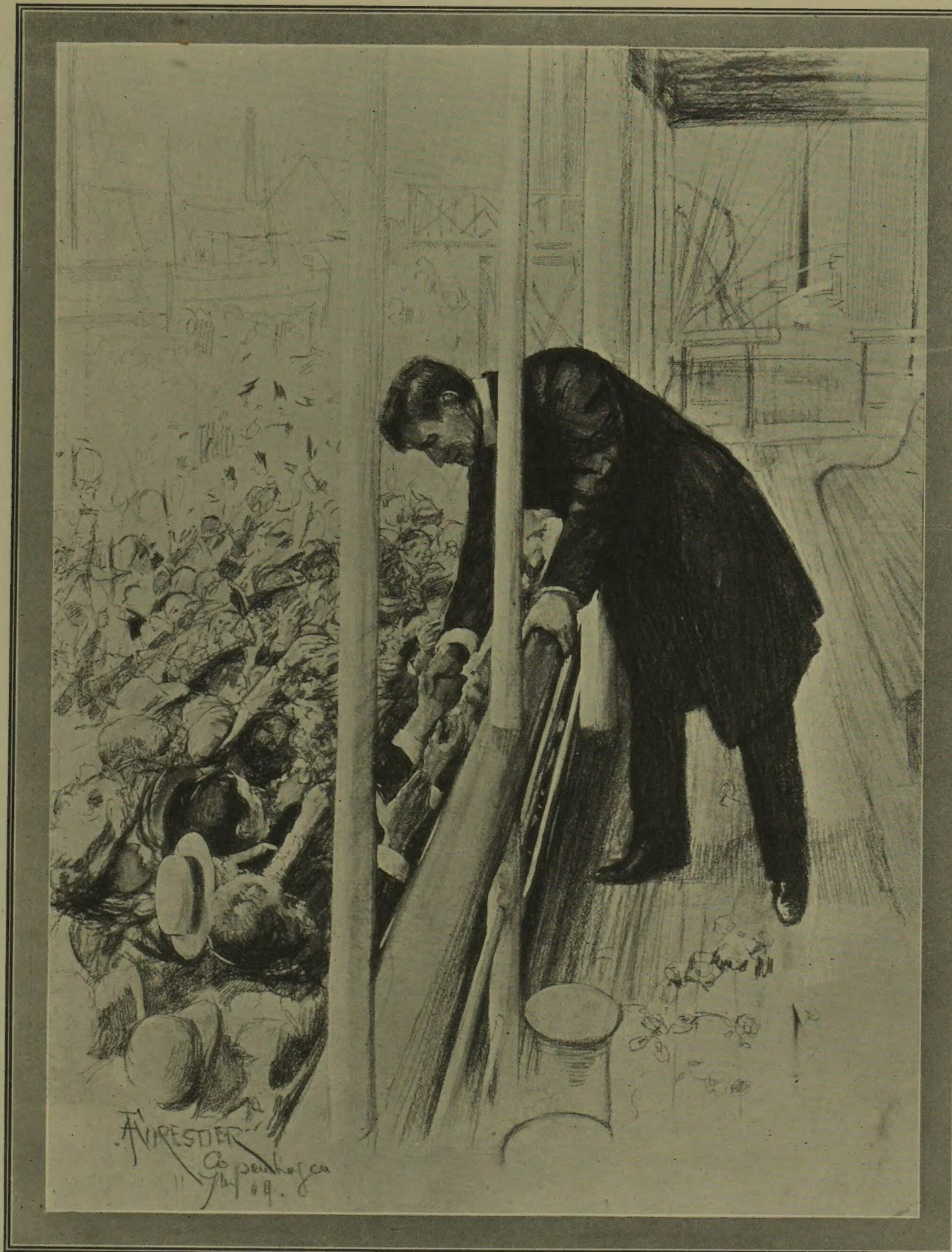
It is not often that a great calamity is photographed at the actual time of its occurrence, but this picture represents the recent terrible disaster at Monterey, in Mexico, when the flood was at its height. The river Santa Catarina broke its banks, and for three days swept all before it. The number of lives lost was 1800 to 2000, and about 1100 bodies were recovered and buried. Hundreds were swept away, and will never be found. The damage to property is estimated at 10 to 12 million dollars, or between 2 and 2½ million pounds sterling.



# PAST AND FUTURE: THE NORTH POLE FOR AMERICA, AND THE SOUTH POLE FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

A HELPER OF ANTARCTIC EXPLORATION: A MANCHURIAN PONY  
BEING PRACTISED WITH A SLEDGE.

MANCHURIAN PONIES OF THE TYPE TO BE USED  
BY CAPTAIN SCOTT.



OFF TO DEFEND HIS CLAIM: DR. COOK'S GOOD-BYE TO HIS 20,000 ADMIRERS FROM THE DECK OF THE DANISH STEAMER "MELCHIOR," BOUND FOR CHRISTIANSAND, ON HIS WAY TO AMERICA.

Dr. Cook had an enthusiastic send-off from the people of Copenhagen when he left that city last week in the Danish steamer "Melchior" to go to Christiansand, in Norway, and thence to New York. After the farewell luncheon on board the vessel, Dr. Cook came out on deck, and made a short speech to the crowd on the pier. Then, after shaking hands with as many as he could reach, he mounted to the bridge, where he shouted a final good-bye. The multitude assembled on the quay continued to cheer until the vessel was lost to sight on the horizon.—[DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN COPENHAGEN.]



TO NAIL THE UNION JACK TO THE SOUTH POLE: CAPTAIN ROBERT FALCON SCOTT.  
LEADER OF THE NEW ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Captain R. F. Scott, R.N., has already begun to organise a new expedition to the Antarctic, with the object of reaching the South Pole. The expedition is to start next July, and will have two bases, one in McMurdo Sound, and the other in King Edward VII. Land. Captain Scott intends to use Manchurian ponies, like those of Lieutenant Shackleton, and dogs of either Ostyak, Samoyed, or Eskimo breed. He will also rely considerably on motor-sledges, and a new feature of the expedition will be an installation of wireless telegraphy. The sum required is £40,000, and Captain Scott hopes that the Colonies, especially those in Australasia, will contribute, and also be represented among the members of the party. Captain Scott, it will be remembered, commanded the National Antarctic Expedition of 1900-4, which he described in his famous book, "The Voyage of the 'Discovery.'"—[PHOTOGRAPH OF CAPTAIN SCOTT BY THOMSON.]



# "I WILL SHOW YOU MY HAND!" DR. COOK'S DISPLAY OF FEELING.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT COPENHAGEN.



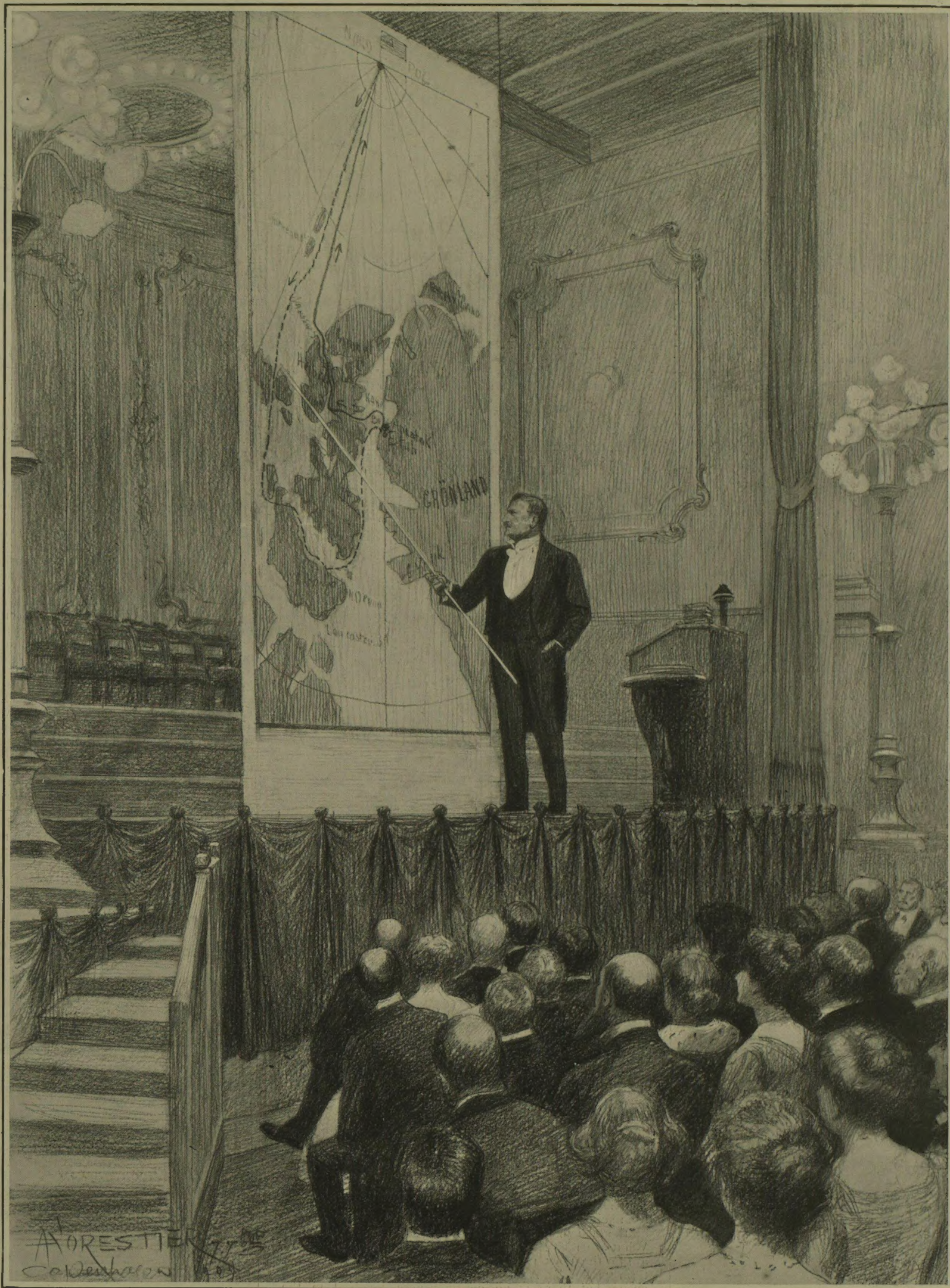
Professor Karl Jorp, Rector of Copenhagen University. Professor Warming.

## THE ONLY OCCASION ON WHICH DR. COOK BETRAYED EMOTION: THE CONCLUSION OF HIS SPEECH AFTER RECEIVING THE DEGREE OF HONORARY DOCTOR AT COPENHAGEN UNIVERSITY.

During Dr. Cook's visit to Copenhagen last week a brilliant ceremony took place at the University, when the degree of Honorary Doctor was conferred upon him. There were quite twelve hundred people present, including a number of famous explorers and scientists. Dr. Cook entered the Festival Hall in a grand procession, in which walked the Crown Prince, the Princess Valdemar, Prince and Princess George of Greece, the Rector of the University—Professor Jorp—and the members of the American Embassy. A speech highly eulogistic of Dr. Cook was made by Professor Warming, and the audience cheered for fully five minutes when the Rector of the University presented the diploma. In his reply, Dr. Cook, for the first time since his arrival, betrayed a touch of emotion, when he exclaimed, after stating what he would do to prove his case: "And I will show you my hand!" Wild enthusiasm again broke out, and the Crown Prince and the principal people present all shook hands with Dr. Cook. It should be added that, after his lecture before the Royal Geographical Society of Denmark (illustrated on the page opposite), he had been presented with the Society's gold medal by the Crown Prince, its President.



# DENMARK'S STRENUOUS PARTISANSHIP ON BEHALF OF DR. COOK: HIS LECTURE BEFORE THE ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF DENMARK.



RETRACING HIS STEPS ON THE MAP: DR. COOK LECTURING BEFORE THE KING OF DENMARK AND 1500 PEOPLE.

Throughout the North Pole controversy nothing has been more remarkable than the way in which the people of Denmark, headed by their King, have stood by Dr. Cook. Such distinguished explorers as Captain Sverdrup and Roald Amundsen are ardent supporters of his claim. In spite of the suspicions and accusations that were freely brought up against him, there was no abatement of public enthusiasm in his favour. That the attacks made upon him had not in any way lessened his popularity in Denmark was evident from the scenes which took place in Copenhagen on his departure for Christiansand last week. An immense crowd gathered to see him off, lining the streets between his hotel and the harbour, and greeted him with loud cheers. When he at last made his way on board the boat, he was entertained to a farewell lunch by the Committee of the Geographical Society, including Captain Sverdrup and the Principal of Copenhagen University. Afterwards, in response to the shouts of the crowd on the pier, Dr. Cook made a farewell speech from the deck of the steamer.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN COPENHAGEN, A. FORESTIER.



## SCIENCE



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE END OF LIFE.

I HAVE been reading a scholarly and singularly suggestive article on the fear of death, written by an American physician, Dr. Keyes, and published in *Harper's Magazine*. Although the writer deals with phases of death's approach familiar to medical men, his exposition of his subject is so clear and so interesting that it will be certain to commend itself to every thoughtful mind. There is nothing morbid in the study of death as a phenomenon. Life's extinction is as natural a phase of vital affairs as is birth or growth. If life is "rounded with a sleep," the manner in which the lasting somnolence begins is matter of legitimate study. Best of all, that study tends to reassure us greatly that the act of dying is practically a painless episode. To die, if scientific observation and inference are to be trusted, is as painless a process as is going to sleep.

There will, of course, always be a natural fear of death existent in the mind of man. The consolations, aspirations, and hopes of religion may, and do, fortify many a soul awaiting the grim summons of dissolution, but withal, it is only natural that man should dread in a measure the parting from the world he knows, and from the ties and affections that compose so much of life's sweetness. There may be no uncertainty felt on the part of many of us that death represents the mere transitional stage which ushers us to the portals of a new life, but even here the fear of what death may imply in the way of suffering gives cause for qualms and terrors at the near approach of the last hour. It is here that science plays the part of a comforter. As regards humanity, the fear of death has been evolved as part of the intellectuality of the race. Speculation regarding the future state has naturally intensified the apprehensions which are common when the prospect of dissolution is imminent. The animal does not fear death simply because it is unconscious altogether of an end to existence. It may fight for its life as it contends with an enemy, but into its concerns the idea of life's end cannot be supposed to enter. The savage is probably in like position, although in many



A SOUTH AMERICAN WASP'S ARCHITECTURE: NEST OF THE "CHARTERGUS."

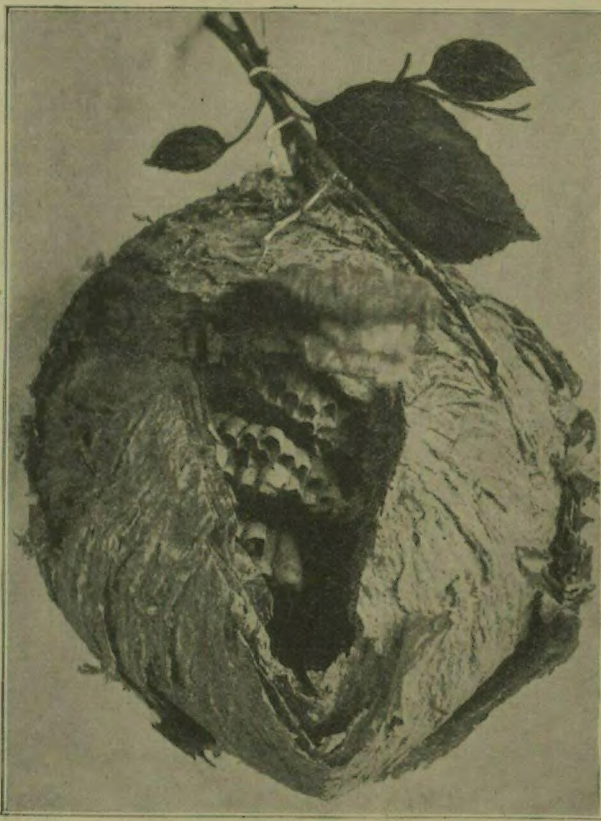
This photograph shows the exterior of the type of nest built by a South American wasp named "Chartergus." It makes a tough nest, which hangs from the boughs of trees, and opens at the lower end. The texture of the outer covering is like white cardboard, and it is very durable, being required, as it is, to withstand tropical sun and rain.



PIONEERS OF THE PAPER INDUSTRY: A WASPS' NEST IN A SMALL TREE.

The common wasp generally builds its nest in some hole in the ground, but there is a kind known as tree-wasps which build stouter nests on branches of trees. The nest is constructed of small fibres of old wood, which the wasp gnaws and kneads, mixed with the secretion from its salivary glands, into a sort of papier-mâché pulp.

## THE EARLIEST PAPER-MAKERS IN THE WORLD: WASPS AND THEIR NESTS.



THE WASP OF THE WOODS: NEST OF THE "VESPA SILVESTRIS."

Some wasps build their nest on the back of large leaves, or between branches, twisting the twigs around it. Others build, like swallows, outside buildings. The shape of the nests also varies greatly. Some are round, others oval or semicircular; some are irregular in shape and protected by thorns.

uncivilised races there is, of course, a philosophy of death to be found in their speculations, reflected in religious rites and beliefs, regarding the future which awaits the individual when he has passed the bourne whence no traveller returns.

The physical side of dying, it has been said, receives from science a clear enough exposition in the sense that all the evidence points to the painless nature of the act. What are mistaken by the uninitiated for signs of pain are for the most part actions of the nature of those we term "reflex." A muscle may twitch and a convulsion occur, but there is no consciousness involved in the process, any more than we are necessarily conscious of the winking of an eyelid, or the pulsation of the heart. An animal, such as the frog, whose head has been cut off would certainly be regarded as dead in the sense in which a guillotined criminal is said to have his life extinguished. Yet a headless frog—a cold-blooded animal, of course—retains vitality in its tissues sufficient for a time to enable it to perform acts of singularly purposive nature. It will wipe off a drop of vinegar placed on the web of one foot with the other foot, and will balance itself for a time as does a normal frog. Here we find the spinal cord acting as the governing centre for movements excited by external stimuli, but, in the utter absence of brain, pain and consciousness (if we could suppose the latter phase of mind to exist in the amphibian) cannot possibly be regarded as being represented.

What is true of the cold-blooded animal is also true of warm-blooded and higher forms in the sense that

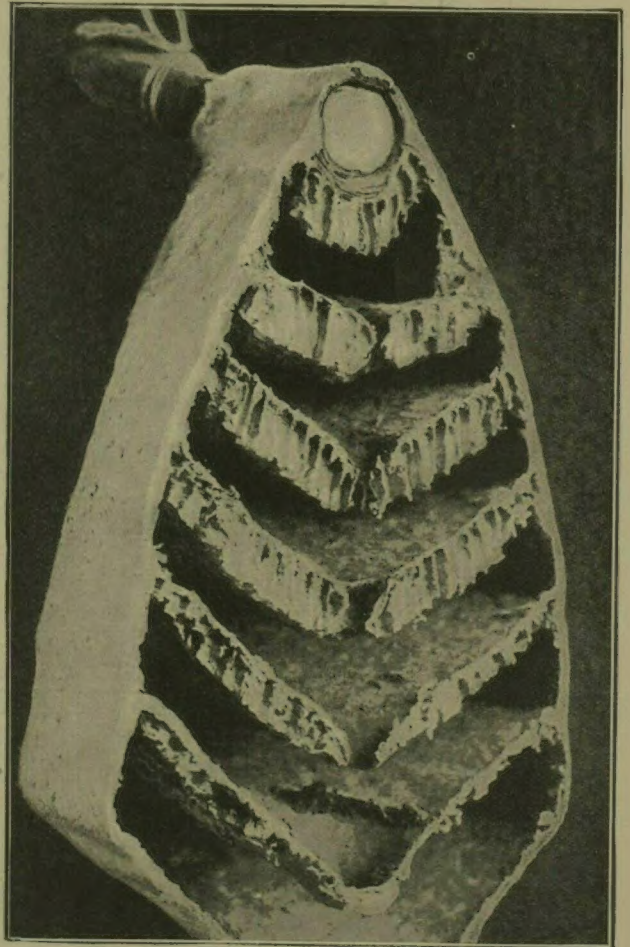
## NATURAL HISTORY



reflex actions, utterly independent of consciousness, may be perfectly carried out, and in the act of dying such actions really represent the sum-total of the features we are apt to associate with the idea of painful dissolution. There may be mental anguish suffered before death has definitely approached us, just as bodily pain may rack us as a symptom of illness, but the real act of dying is devoid of pain, and is rarely, if ever, marked by the terrors so tacitly accepted as characteristic of death, which may be regarded as a purely fictional and unreal view of life's ending. Dr. Keyes remarks that the widest medical experience tends to demonstrate that whatever agony may have been endured before death approaches, the sensibilities and senses are so modified and obscured by kindly Nature that one sinks in death as one goes to sleep.

Physiologically regarded, the act of dying should be looked on as painless, if only for the reason that the first system to be thrown out of gear is the nervous apparatus. The delirium and struggles of a moribund man are no evidence that there is consciousness of pain; they represent, in fact, the contrary state. Again, where recovery from the brink of the grave takes place, there is no tale told of pain and agony by the survivor. For the most part there is unconsciousness of all that happened; there is no recollection of any painful struggle or any laboured fight against the grim enemy. Those of us who have lapsed into insensibility for a time can bear witness to the painlessness of the process which in certain cases is the herald of death. Probably, in all cases even when the mental vision is clear, suffering is absent. The quiet and peaceful deathbed is well known to all of us. But despite what science has to tell us of life's ending as a painless process, men will nevertheless fear death; but their fear is less physical than mental, and when the end comes—indeed, before it—the evidence before us all points to Nature's kindly act in making death's advent like unto that of sleep.

ANDREW WILSON.



INSIDE A WASPS' HOME: SECTION OF NEST OF THE "CHARTERGUS."

In the nest of the South American "Chartergus" wasp, the combs are arranged like funnels, inside one another, but with spaces between. The apex of each comb has a hole for the wasps to pass from one gallery to another. During the rainy season the nests are overgrown with small plants, and remain in the trees long after the wasps die out.



## THE "SALVO" AND THE "RAKE."

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.



TWELVE-INCH GUN PRACTICE: JUDGING THE EFFECT OF A "SALVO" BY MEANS OF A "RAKE."

The foreground of the picture is the deck of a battle-ship, which is towing a target for the other battle-ship seen in the distance. The latter is carrying out battle-practice with her 12-in. guns. She has just fired a "salvo," and the fall of the shot is being calculated by means of the "Rake"—the T-shaped instrument in the foreground. The cross-arm of the T has a number of small spikes fixed in it, each space between them representing ten yards, and by aligning the sights on the upright arm on the target the distance the shot falls beyond or short of the target may be noted. The shells throw up a tremendous column of water, and the impact when the shell strikes is like the report of a gun.



## ART · MUSIC · &amp; THE · DRAMA ·



MR. CYRIL KEIGHTLEY  
AS CAPTAIN GREVILLE  
SARTORIS  
In "The Whip," at Drury  
Lane.

Photo, Foulsham and Banfield.

## ART NOTES.

A GROUP of American photographers having seceded, the Linked Ring, that society for friends of the camera, has given way. This means that the Photographic Salon now being held in Pall Mall East has no prints by Mr. Alvin Langdon

Coburn, whose pictures of Mr. Meredith are, not excepting the Watts portrait, the most valuable presentments of the dead author; no photograph by Mr. Clarence White, and no photograph by Baron de Meyer, who for some reason has associated himself with the Americans. Without these outstanding names the Salon is, of course, considerably weakened, and yet remains interesting.

Mr. Frederic Evans's prints in the Salon include one that is ambitious beyond any we have seen. Mrs. Cameron was bold when she made her photographic interpretations of "The Idylls of the King," but bolder still is the attempt to illustrate the Nature Poems of George Meredith. Mr. Evans's "Dirge in Woods" is the negation of the movement both in rhythm and reasoning, of the poetry. You cannot look at literature through a lens, and to photograph a pine-wood because Meredith saw in the dropping cones a symbol of death, is like seeking in a dead bird the spirit and aspect of flight.

Very beautiful are Mr. Craig Annan's contributions to the Salon. He is the Le Sidaner of the camera. "The Cooperage" is the most distinctive of his works, and the most pleasing that of a table spread with napery in the open. Mr. Frank Read, whose name is unfamiliar, contributes a remarkable outdoor group, and Mr. Dudley Johnston's "Impression of Venice"—whether the impression is his own or his camera's is not for us to decide—is of great value. Mr. J. C. Warburg, Mr. Charles Emanuel, Mr. John Anderson, and Mr. Archibald Cochrane, whose "Tournament," with its wooden piebald horses and general dark glamour, is a masterpiece, must be named among the noteworthy exhibitors.

It is a guide-book saying that the

MISS GRACIE LEIGH AS OPHELIA  
In "Dear Little Denmark," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

inventor of oil-painting has never excelled in the use of his own medium; and it is certain the young Le Sidaners and Monets of the camera do not surpass that old master among photographers. David Octavius Hill, who, although not the inventor of the sun-picture, made his admirable paper negatives as long ago as 1844. Hill, who was a member of the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting, took to photography in the first instance as a help in the composition of a canvas containing many figures—in his "Disruption of the Scottish Church"—the industrious and curious have counted as many as five hundred portraits of clergymen—and continued his experiments, it is believed, on becoming conscious of a power of expressing himself with the camera. But not for long did he spoil himself for his own pictures, preferring his old jog-trot and unassisted creations to the precious products of his partnership with the lens. The Hill collection in the Salon includes portraits of James Nay Smith, John Gibson, R.A., Lady Ruthven, and Lord Elcho, and some extraordinarily interesting groups and figure studies.—E. M.

MR. JAMES  
BLAKELEY AS THE  
DUKE ERNSI VON  
RASMUSSEN

In "Dear Little  
Denmark," at the  
Prince of Wales's.  
Photo, Foulsham  
and Banfield.



MR. VINCENT CLIVE AS HUBERT,  
EARL OF BRANCASTER,  
In "The Whip," at Drury Lane.  
Photo, Foulsham and Banfield.

MR. HUNTLEY  
WRIGHT AS HANS  
HANSEN THE CLOCK-  
WINDER

In "Dear Little  
Denmark," at the  
Prince of Wales's.  
Photo, Foulsham  
and Banfield.

## MUSIC.

THE public memory is a short one where stage and concert-hall are concerned, or the

passing of Jean Lassalle would have created more comment and sympathetic interest. For he, like the lute-player of Swinburne's "Ballad of Life," "in dead years had done delicious things," and to name him now is to recall some of the wonderful performances in the Opera House of Paris and at Covent Garden. The writer heard Jean Lassalle very often in the days of the late Augustus Harris, when he was the leading

baritone at our opera-house, and made such an extraordinary sensation in Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" and Massenet's "Roi de Lahore." In Paris, his "Rigoletto" set a standard to which all other baritones endeavoured with varying success to attain, and the most remarkable part of Jean Lassalle's art lay in the facility with which he passed from Italian to German opera. The man whose Rigoletto was a masterpiece of vocal and dramatic art was a notable Hans Sachs and Dutchman. His gifts were as wide as his reputation, and when Lassalle was at his best, tenor voices lost a part at least of their magnetism; the full merit of the baritone voice was understood and appreciated. In the last few years Lassalle was a Professor at the Conservatoire in Paris, busily engaged in doing his best for a rising generation. Perhaps the remarkable gifts and great reputation of M. Jean de Reszke overshadowed Lassalle in Paris, but in the regard of people whose memory of grand opera can go back for twenty-five or thirty years M. Lassalle has held a place from which no other baritone has been able to dislodge him.

It is understood that the series of Sunday concerts to be given by the London Symphony Orchestra at Covent Garden will open on Oct. 24,

when M. Wassili Safonoff will preside and direct a performance of the "Pathetic" Symphony. The directors of the orchestra have decided to follow their earlier procedure by inviting a number of conductors to direct their concerts instead of offering the bâton to one man. In addition to

M. Safonoff, we are to see Dr. Hans Richter, Mr. Arthur Fagge, Señor Arbos, and Dr. Frederic Cowen in charge of the London Symphony players, and at the time of writing arrangements are not completed. The London Choral Society has been engaged for "The Dream of Gerontius" on Boxing Day. Clearly, competition has entered the domain of Sunday music in the Metropolis. With Mr. Wood's orchestra at Queen's Hall, the New Symphony players at the Albert Hall, and the London Symphony at Covent Garden, to say nothing of the less interesting combined companies engaged elsewhere, the London Sunday will not lack compensation for those who are unable to get away from it.

The most interesting novelty produced at Covent Garden last week was undoubtedly Smetana's symphonic poem "Sarka," the third of a series of six that come under the general title of "Mein Vaterland." It is a work fully representative of the composer's remarkable gifts, and encourages the belief that his English reputation will assume great dimensions in the future. "Sarka" was very finely played.



Photo, Foulsham and Banfield.

MISS GRACIE LEIGH AS OPHELIA  
In "Dear Little Denmark," at the Prince of Wales's Theatre.

inventor of oil-painting has never excelled in the use of his own medium; and it is certain the young Le Sidaners and Monets of the camera do not surpass that old master among photographers. David Octavius Hill, who, although not the inventor of the sun-picture, made his admirable paper negatives as long ago as 1844. Hill, who was a member of the Royal Scottish Academy of Painting, took to photography in the first instance as a help in the composition of a canvas containing many figures—in his "Disruption of the Scottish Church"—the industrious and curious have counted as many as five hundred portraits of clergymen—and continued his experiments, it is believed, on becoming conscious of a power of expressing himself with the camera. But not for long did he spoil himself for his own pictures, preferring his old jog-trot and unassisted creations to the precious products of his partnership with the lens. The Hill collection in the Salon includes portraits of James Nay Smith, John Gibson, R.A., Lady Ruthven, and Lord Elcho, and some extraordinarily interesting groups and figure studies.—E. M.



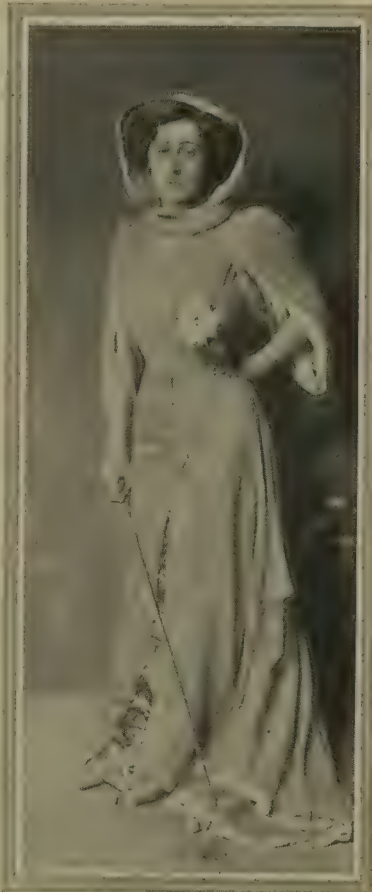
Photo, Sarony.

MISS EDITH WYNNE MATTHISON (MRS. C. RANN KENNEDY)  
AS RUTH JORDAN  
In "The Great Divide," the famous American play produced at the Adelphi on Wednesday.



Photo, Foulsham and Banfield.

MISS ISABEL JAY AS CHRISTINE, AND MR. BERTRAM WALLIS  
AS CONRAD PETERSEN  
In "Dear Little Denmark," at the Prince of Wales's.



Photo, Foulsham and Banfield.

MISS NANCY PRICE AS MRS. D'AQUILA  
In "The Whip," at Drury Lane.



## HAVILAND'S SERIES OF SHAKESPEAREAN CHARACTERS

(AS REPRESENTED BY OUR LEADING PLAYERS).



NO. IV.—MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AS KING LEAR.

In describing Mr. Norman McKinnel's fine impersonation of King Lear at the Haymarket, the critic of the "Times" wrote: "He never forces the note, but is content to 'feel' the part, and thus to make the audience feel it in their turn. He dwells most lovingly, perhaps, on the homely features of the character, upon the little childlike things, the weakness, the pleading, the 'ahurissement' of the old man. That is to say, he aims at nothing colossal, nothing Michelangelesque, and in that moderation we hold that he does well." The production at the Haymarket of this play, which has been called by Swinburne "the greatest work of man," was a bold step on the part of Mr. Herbert Trench, as his first adventure in theatrical management, and its success promises well for the future of the Repertory Theatre. Mr. Trench is a poet, and his poetic taste has made itself felt in the setting of the play, especially in the scenery, which was specially designed by Mr. Charles Ricketts and appropriately brings out the barbaric simplicity of the period in which the action moves.—[DRAWN BY FRANK HAVILAND.]



# AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S



MR. LEWIS MELVILLE.  
*Art by Russell.*

Mr. Lewis Melville has written another "Life of Thackeray," appearing through Mr. John Lane. Mr. Melville published a Life of Thackeray in 1899, has edited his works, and written several other books on that and kindred subjects.



## ANDREW LANG ON THE NAMING OF STREETS.

THE Entente Cordiale is, I hope, all that friends of France and of our country can desire. The follow-

notion of the Belgian share in that conflict is derived from the chapter in "Vanity Fair" where a Belgian fugitive sits on a kitchen-table, in Brussels, drinking beer, and averring that the whole allied army is taken or cut to pieces.

Now Sergeant Simpson, of the 7th Hussars, in his book "A Voice from Waterloo," says that it was not the Belgians who fled to the flesh-pots of Brussels; the fugitives were Hanoverians in the command of the Duke of Brunswick. Sergeant Simpson was the guide to the field of Waterloo; he had

fought there, and knew every inch of the ground. To the Belgians he gives the amount of credit which more famous historians have refused: indeed he is a very fair and lucid writer, though it does

PRINCE LOUIS OF BATTENBERG.  
*Photograph by Elliott and Fry.*

Prince Louis of Battenberg translated "Rasplata" (The Reckoning), by Commander Semenov of the Russian Navy (his diary during the blockade of Port Arthur and the voyage of Rojestvensky) for the edition published by Mr. John Murray.

[See Review on our "Literature" Page.]

ing anecdote appears to be rather comic than internationally important. An acquaintance of my own was in Paris, and a funeral happened to be passing along the street where he was walking. He took off his hat, and the chief mourner, opening the window of his carriage, popped out his head and shouted "A bas les Anglais!" He, at least, had not forgotten a number of historical events, which it is unnecessary to mention.

In a recent work, in English, by a French gentleman, he mentions that many of his countrymen do not care to visit our capital by way of Waterloo Station and Waterloo Bridge and Trafalgar Square. These and other names of streets only tend to perpetuate unpleasant reminiscences. But surely we are not alone in a nomenclature somewhat vainglorious! There used to be—perhaps there is—a Jena Bridge in Paris, which Blücher was with difficulty induced by Wellington to refrain from destroying, in 1815. It is hard to change these boastful names when once they have been given, and in recent times we, at least, have had few occasions to add new examples.

I do not know if there are many streets named after Fontenoy, Bouvines, and Pathay in French towns, and reminiscent of successes over the arms of England. We ourselves do not fall back on mediæval history for our street-names; and, if the French do, few English tourists have heard of Bouvines and Pathay, and not many of Fontenoy. We only remember five or six English victories, and forget most of our defeats. As for the Scot, there is proof that, at the time, he claimed Flodden as a victory, to the natural indignation of the English poet, Skelton.

Two Belgian authors have lately produced a work on the Dutch Belgian share in the glory of Waterloo, and according to a reviewer in the *Times*, they write in a tone of excitement.

This is not to be wondered at, for the usual

In parts of Scotland it is firmly believed to this day that the body of the gallant Colonel who led the Scots Greys in the action was never recovered. This, if true, is very strange—indeed, inexplicable.

The author of "A Voice from Waterloo" gives the Colonel's name among the slain, not among the missing; and I do not remember that this tradition, or the strange Highland tale about the death of Fasisfern at Quatre Bras, is noticed in any of the many books devoted to the battle.

Wandering alone in a part of Scotland hitherto unfamiliar to me, the region north of the Forth, from Culross to Crieff, I have seen many beautiful landscapes, from the ruins of Castle Campbell, above its extraordinary gorge, a perilous place, to the unique library of Innerpeffray, beneath its ancient Scottish firs, above the river Earn, on a moor at least four miles distant from any town.

Never was there a stranger site for a public library, and the books are no less noteworthy. They date, in original editions, from the middle of the sixteenth to the middle of the seventeenth centuries, from contemporary replies to Calvin to the first editions of Donne, Drummond of Hawthornden, Habington's "Castara," and so forth. Many of the volumes are as fresh, the paper is as white, the ink is as black, as if they came yesterday from the printer.

Not so clean, but even more interesting, is the French pocket Bible of the heroic Marquess of Montrose, with his name and notes in his autograph.

The library, as far as I could learn, was founded by Montrose's friend, Lord Maderty, a Drummond. It is a place to be honoured by book-lovers.



1. ST. CLEMENT DANES.  
2. WINE OFFICE COURT, FLEET STREET.

3. THE "MITRE," IN MITRE COURT.  
4. DR. JOHNSON, FROM THE PORTRAIT BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

5. WILLS'S COFFEE HOUSE, AS IT IS TO-DAY.  
6. BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET.

7. ST. JOHN'S GATE, CLERKENWELL.  
8. DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE, GOUGH SQUARE.

## THE BI-CENTENARY OF DR. JOHNSON: LONDON LANDMARKS OF THE GREAT LEXICOGRAPHER.

The celebration of the bi-centenary of Dr. Johnson's birth at Lichfield this week, when Lord Rosebery was due to give one of his delightful addresses, lends particular interest to the above photographs of buildings associated with Dr. Johnson's life in London. In "Boswell" we read that "he carried me to the church of St. Clement Danes, where he had his seat." It was at No. 6, Wine Office Court that Goldsmith was living when Johnson called, and finding him threatened by an irate landlady who demanded rent, saved the situation by taking the MS. of "The Vicar of Wakefield" and selling it to a publisher. The "Mitre" and the "Cheshire Cheese," in Wine Office Court, both hold memories of Dr. Johnson. Photograph No. 5 shows all that remains of the famous Wits' Coffee House known as "Willis's." In St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, Dr. Johnson worked for Cave, the publisher of the "Gentleman's Magazine." At his house in Gough Square he finished the famous Dictionary, and in Bolt Court he died.



VICTORIES IN AIR AND ON LAND.

Riffs retiring from behind the bushes.

Spanish cavalry.

Moorish cavalry retiring.



Water convoy entering the entrenched camp.

A FACSIMILE SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS: THE SPANISH SUCCESS AT ZOCO-EL ARBA.

Mr. Frederic Villiers' vivid sketch shows the onslaught in force made by the Moors upon the Spanish camp in order to check the great flanking movement of General Aquilera, the Spanish General. The fighting was most dramatic, all arms being engaged. The Spanish cavalry, at one point, enticed the Riff horsemen right up to the mouths of the guns of the Spanish artillery, putting them to flight in such disorder that they eventually plunged into the inland sea which stretches on the right of the Spanish position.



MR. CODY EXPLAINING HIS AEROPLANE TO THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.



MR. CODY FLYING OVER LAFFAN'S PLAIN IN HIS TAILED AEROPLANE.



A CHARACTERISTIC PORTRAIT OF MR. CODY.

A TAILED AEROPLANE: MR. CODY, ENGLAND'S CHIEF AVIATOR, AND THE MACHINE WITH WHICH HE MADE HIS CROSS-COUNTRY RECORD FLIGHT. Last week Mr. Cody made, at Aldershot, the first successful aeroplane flight in Great Britain, and at the same time established a world's record for a journey across country. The Empress Eugénie took a great interest in his exhibition of flying, and asked him many questions about the construction of his machine. It has a peculiarly flexible "tail," which breaks the fall in alighting suddenly upon hard ground, and which is clearly seen in photograph No. 2.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.]



# MEDIAEVAL METHODS OF THE MOORISH SULTAN: INHUMAN TREATMENT OF PRISONERS THAT CAUSED A EUROPEAN REBUKE.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



EL ROGHI, THE MOORISH PRETENDER, BEING BROUGHT CAPTIVE INTO FEZ IN THE FAMOUS CAGE.

El Roghi was exhibited to the people of Fez in the cage in which he has been condemned to captivity for life by the Sultan. Mulai Hafid's cruelties and mutilations of his prisoners have evoked protests from the Consuls of the Powers, who have drawn up a collective Note protesting against the tortures, and demanding that, in future, punishments which involve mutilation or a lingering death shall cease in Morocco.



## LITERATURE



Photo, Russell.

HEADS OF FAMOUS PUBLISHING HOUSES,  
No. XVIII.: MR. J. M. DENT,  
Of the firm of J. M. Dent and Co.

Semenoff, of the Imperial Russian Navy; and fortunate has the writer been in finding such a gifted and intelligent translator as "L. A. B.," whom we take to be Prince Louis Alexander of Battenberg, now in command of our own Atlantic Fleet. Whatever else may be thought about the Russians in connection with their conduct of the war with Japan, this at least must be said: that never has any war produced more candid critics of their own defects on the side of the vanquished. Rousseau's "Confessions" were nothing to the admissions of such writers as General Kuropatkin, of the Russian army, and Commander Semenoff as the corresponding teller of truth about the Navy. It is doubtful whether, in the

## The "Rasplata."

A human document, if ever there was one, is surely the "Rasplata"—"The Reckoning"—(Murray), by Commander

a good deal to say from an independent point of view. He criticises the Anglo-Russian Convention severely for its effects upon our position in Afghanistan and Tibet, as well as in Persia, and points out the defects in our recent policy at Kabul. He is careful about his facts, and though the book suffers from being largely a reprint of articles written for newspapers and reviews, it deserves attention. Each of some half-a-dozen topics discussed may very easily cause a European war, and if the public were to pay some attention to them in time of peace, it is possible that war might either be rendered more unlikely or, if it does come, might be more readily followed by readers of the morning newspapers.

## Australia Epitomised.

If the new set of books on the Empire to which Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons have given the cheap-jack title of "The All-Red Series," maintain the standard of the initial volume, the publishers will have done good service to the country. "The Commonwealth of Australia," by Mr. Bernhard Wise (an ex-Attorney-General for New South Wales), gives in a most readable form exactly

that information about the island-continent which few of us possess, but all of us should desire. Its publication at the present moment suggests reflections on the great importance of establishing cheaper cable-rates. It is startling to hear that since the Australian Press has been obliged by the present high rates to syndicate its "foreign" dispatches, "the four millions of Australians only read such English and foreign news as one gentleman in Fleet Street chooses to put before them." Well, how much attention do we in England give to the excellent letters from newspaper-correspondents in Australia which explain to us, six weeks later, the meagre telegrams on Australian affairs at which we have glanced? Mr. Wise makes no pretence of being non-partisan. He is a strong advocate of Imperial Preference, with reasons for his faith, while as regards domestic affairs he justifies the Australian ten-

official, Asiatic British subjects who can speak English perfectly, if they do not know Modern Greek! But Mr. Wise will enable every reader to understand and sympathise with Australian aspirations, and his account of the determination of his fellow-countrymen to ensure that every Australian citizen



By permission of the Deutsches Museum, Munich.

THE MEDIAEVAL FORERUNNER OF CHEMISTRY: AN ALCHEMIST'S LABORATORY RECONSTRUCTED. This photograph shows an interesting reconstruction of a mediaeval alchemist's laboratory in the new German museum at Munich. The most prominent features are the furnaces and the fantastically shaped retorts for carrying on distillation.

Reproduced from "The Romance of Modern Chemistry," by F. C. Philip, by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Seeley and Co. [See Review on Another Page.]

whole range of the literature of war, there is such an outspoken book as those two quite astonishing works, which prove that, however unfortunate before the foe, there are Russians who nevertheless possess the very highest type of courage—the courage of their opinions. Commander Semenoff's most engrossing volume is based on the diaries which he kept with almost Boswellian minuteness during the siege of Port Arthur—whence he ultimately escaped to Saigon in the *Diana*; and again on the voyage of Rojestvensky's fleet from the Baltic to the Straits of Tsushima—there to meet its doom. His account of the battle is given in a separate work, but he deals in lively detail with the chief incident of the outward voyage, the Dogger Bank "misunderstanding," for that was really what it was. At this time the Russians were in such a "funky" frame of mind as to make them resemble the thief who "doth fear each bush an officer," and recognise Japanese torpedo-boats in British trawlers. But what a picture of muddling, ignorance, unreadiness, and incapacity do these courageous pages paint for us! Well may the Admiral have remarked to their author when being shepherded through "the Bay" by a squadron of beautifully handled British cruisers, "'Do you admire this? This is something like. Those are seamen. Oh, if only we . . .'" and he ran down the ladder without completing his sentence."

## From Constantinople to Korea.

Mr. Angus Hamilton has travelled much in Asia, and has formed views which are clear and crisp, if a trifle dogmatic. In "Problems of the Middle East" (Nash) he sketches the story of the Young Turks and of the Nationalist movement in Persia—two dramas the final acts of which have not yet been played—and gives much information about other topics of diplomatic and commercial interest. His chapter on the Passing of Korea amounts to a grave indictment against the Japanese, and, whatever its value, is a little out of place in the present series. A short description of the Hedjaz Railway is avowedly a *précis* of German publications, but on the Baghdad Railway scheme Mr. Hamilton has

perial Preference, with reasons for his faith, while as regards domestic affairs he justifies the Australian tendency to embark on that kind of legislation which is vaguely called Socialistic. He explains the constitution of the young Commonwealth, and the relations between the States and the Federal Government; he gives just the right quantity of statistics, and he is very interesting in his description of social conditions in Australia. He is an optimist, and, while offering a spirited reply to many criticisms passed on his country, hardly dwells on the lowness of its birth-rate and the tendency of its people to flock into the big towns. Nor is his account of the "White Australia" policy—in the main, a reasonable and patriotic policy—quite adequate. That policy refuses mail contracts to British ships which employ Lascars, and may exclude, at the caprice of a petty



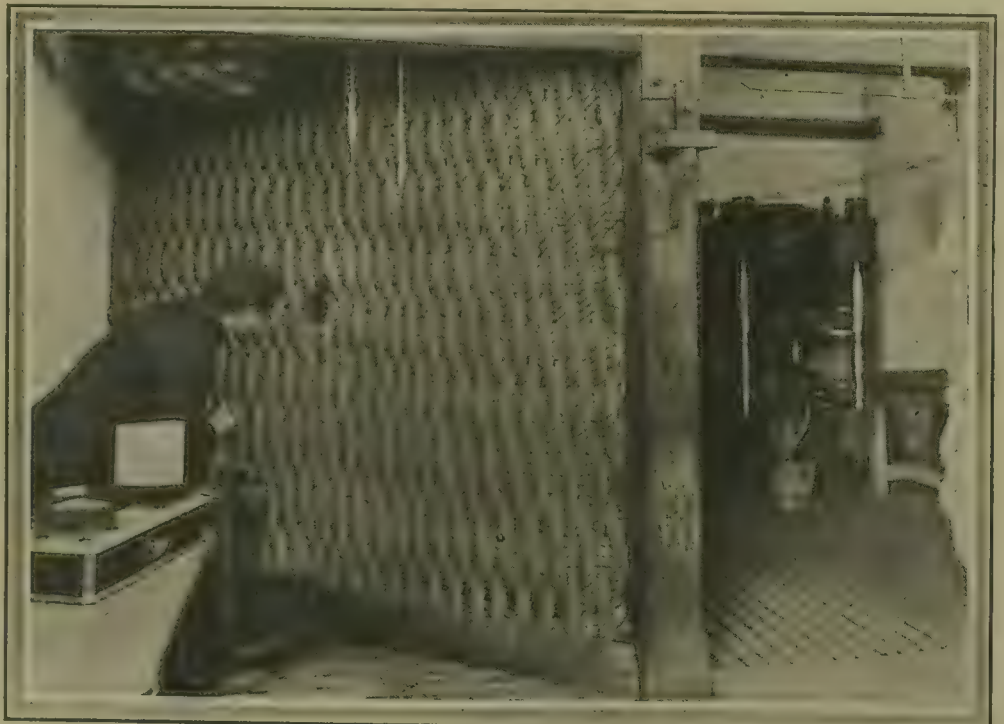
By permission of Ihermit, Ltd.

HEAT PRODUCED BY CHEMICAL ACTION: MELTING IRON WITHOUT A FURNACE.

"The crucible is charged with a mixture of metallic aluminium and iron oxide, known as 'thermit,' and the mixture is ignited. Chemical action sets in, which results in the formation of metallic iron and aluminium oxide, and the heat generated is so intense that the iron is melted. As shown in the illustration, the molten iron may be used for welding tram-rails. The heat is so great that the eyes of the operators have to be protected by darkened glasses."

Reproduced from "The Romance of Modern Chemistry," by F. C. Philip, by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Seeley and Co.

shall be trained to defend his home—a determination which has no taint of "militarism," but is simply the expression of self-respecting democracy—ought to shame our own islands into practical patriotism.



Photo, Thiele and Co.

A DANGEROUS TRADE: WATCHING THE HYDRAULIC PRESSURE OF GUN-COTTON FROM BEHIND A ROPE SCREEN.

The machine in the background of the above photograph is a gun-cotton press, and the workman who operates it is protected, in case of accident, by a rope screen of Manila hemp. He is watching some 2½ lb. slabs of gun-cotton for torpedoes being subjected to hydraulic pressure.

Reproduced from "The Romance of Modern Chemistry," by F. C. Philip, by courtesy of the publishers, Messrs. Seeley and Co.



FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP - BOOK.



BLACKPOOL'S COMING AVIATION WEEK: THE GROUND TO BE RESERVED FOR THE MEETING.

Photo. Topical.

Above is seen a general view of the aviation-ground for the great flying meeting to be held at Blackpool next month, and for which very generous financial support has been given. It will be the first practical aeroplane meeting in Great Britain.



Photo. Illustrations Bureau.

THE BOULOGNE WEEK OF FLIGHT: CART-HORSES UNCONCERNED AT THE PASSING OF CAPTAIN FURBER'S AEROPLANE.

The photographer has obtained a capital snapshot of Captain Furber in full flight at five o'clock in the morning at the aviation meeting in Boulogne. The opening of the meeting was marred by the absence of many of the leading aviators, who found it impossible to be present owing to the number of meetings recently held. Horses in France will soon become as used to aeroplanes as they have to motor-cars.



1. A SUBURB UNDER SNOW: ABEL ROAD, BEREA, JOHANNESBURG, A POPULAR RESIDENTIAL SUBURB, UNDER SNOW.

2. THE LAW COURTS' STRANGE COVERING: THE SNOW-CLAD PALACE OF JUSTICE IN THE RAND CAPITAL.

3. JOUBERT'S PARK: A STRIKING PHOTOGRAPH OF THE GREAT SNOWSTORM IN JOHANNESBURG.

4. JOHANNESBURG'S SNOW-CLAD PARK: ANOTHER VIEW OF JOUBERT'S PARK IN THE RECENT STORM.

AUGUST 17 AT JOHANNESBURG: THE UNIQUE AND SNOWY EXPERIENCE OF THE RAND CAPITAL.

During August, Johannesburg had the unique experience of being buried under a heavy fall of snow, almost completely isolating the city from the rest of the world. Seven years ago there was a slight fall of snow in the Transvaal—just a few powdery flakes—but until the present downfall many of the inhabitants had never seen a real snowstorm. The result was that, with all business suspended, the inhabitants gave themselves over to a wild orgy of snowballing and horse-play. Six inches of snow fell on August 16 between midnight and morning, and there were twelve inches on the ground the next day. Great damage was done to property, and all traffic was suspended. Our photographs show the unusual aspects of the generally sultry Rand town.



## BIRDS AS MODELS FOR AVIATORS, AND A NOVEL EARTH-REMOVER.



ATTITUDES FOR AVIATORS—SCIENTIFIC STUDIES OF THE DIFFERENT BEATS OF A BIRD'S WINGS IN FLIGHT:  
STUDIES OF PIGEONS IN A FRENCH MUSEUM.

The above interesting studies, showing the different phases of the beat of a bird's wing in flight, are now being exhibited in a French museum for the instruction of aviators. It seems a pity that birds could not have been found all of similar plumage, as although it made no difference from a technical point of view, it has a strange appearance to the lay eye. The birds were posed from the famous photographs of Maybridge of birds taken at different altitudes, the only objection to his marvellous series being that all sorts of birds in flight are grouped together instead of being kept apart in separate classes.



A MAMMOTH BICYCLE WHEEL AS EARTH-REMOVER: A NOVEL TYPE OF ROTARY CONVEYER.

Our photograph shows a novel transporter in the shape of a mammoth bicycle wheel, eighty feet in diameter, for the mechanical transportation of the top-soil overlying iron from the excavating site to the dumping-ground. The rim of the wheel is made up of steel plates, and its mounting and balancing are such that the unloaded wheel, despite its weight and size, can be turned round by hand without effort. It is mounted on a trolley for conveyance up and down the cutting of the mine.—[PHOTO. BOLAK.]



# Usher's Whisky



Nearly a  
century's  
Reputation  
in  
Great  
Britain

Over half  
a century's  
Reputation  
in the  
Colonies  
and  
Abroad

The full charm and delicacy of the finest Scotch Whisky is only to be found in Whisky that is of absolute purity. The purity of Usher's Whisky has been certified by leading Physicians and Analysts. Here is the result of an exacting test by a well-known Analytical and Consulting Chemist :

"Analytical Laboratory, Edinburgh.

"I have made a careful chemical analysis of "Andrew Usher & Co's Old Vatted Glenlivet "Whisky" (a blend of Glenlivet and other Whiskies) sampled by me from stock in sealed cases ready for delivery from "Warehouse, and find such to be of excellent quality, "being thoroughly matured and free from objectionable "products. It is a very pure Spirit, and either with "ordinary or aerated water forms a highly palatable "and wholesome beverage.

"Stevenson Macadam, F.I.C., F.C.S."

Analytical and Consulting Chemist.

These are the qualities which have spread the fame of Usher's Whisky throughout the World.

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## PURITY



## LADIES' PAGE.

YOUNG wives are often able truly to love elderly husbands, valuing in them the nobler qualities that have replaced the lost youth; and just occasionally, a man is able to reach a similar height of mental and moral rather than mere physical appreciation. I am reminded of the fact by the bi-centenary of Dr. Johnson, who is an instance. Born in 1709, he married when he was but twenty-six a widow of forty-eight. He was an early instance of what "George Eliot" speaks of (unconsciously apologising in advance for her own marriage with a man thirty years her junior, that was still a future act unsuspected on her own part when she wrote the words): "Young men with even brilliant advantages will often choose as their life's companion a woman whose attractions are chiefly of the spiritual order." Probably, however, if a woman is bent upon becoming a matron it is not safe to wait too long on the off-chance of at last meeting and being fallen in love with by a young man of the rare capacity in his sex for placing spiritual before physical charms!

And when a young man does desire and marries a woman much older than himself, it is decidedly risky. Yet not infrequently it is a success. It was so with Dr. Johnson. He thought his wife extremely pretty, though she was nearly fifty, and though Garrick, who was Johnson's pupil in his Lichfield school, does describe her as "very fat, with swelled cheeks of a florid red." Yet the same witness is bound by truth further to relate that he and the other boys used to listen at the door of the master's private apartments in order to chuckle over the endearments that he lavished on his middle-aged spouse; and when she died, he remained inconsolable. He kept the day of her death sacred, and after his own death many prayers and sweet reflections about her in his own writing, and tender relics, such as her wedding-ring, were found cherished in his secret places. There is one very touching passage in which he doubts if he does not think of her more than would be approved by the Power that had called her away from him and earth; but the still young widower (for he was but forty-two) adds that he hopes that "the vain longings of affection" may, after all, prove worthy to ensure to him a reunion with his lost wife: "I hope that, when I die, like my Tetty, this affection will be acknowledged in a happy interview." Nor was Mrs. Johnson, even at sixty, without her personal attractiveness to her comparatively young husband; for he placed the word "beautiful" first in his description of her on the tablet that he erected to her memory; and when he was near seventy he referred to her as a "pretty charmer"—in the course of a tale of how a gypsy once told him that he was beloved by two women, and delighted most in the company of the youngest. Johnson



A GRACEFUL AFTERNOON GOWN.

The new draped skirt is seen expressed in some soft material, such as satin charmeuse or zolienne. The trimming is worked out with ribbon.

turned round and found tears in his wife's eyes at this, but he added—"Pretty charmer, she had no reason!"

Conscience reproaches me for telling the tale of Dr. Johnson's abiding love for a wife over twenty years his senior, lest I turn the wavering scale in some poor, loving elderly woman's mind and make her accept a youthful suitor. For it is an excessively risky experiment, and this young man who proved capable of love and lasting devotion to a middle-aged wife was no ordinary youth—it was the mind and character of Samuel Johnson that stood the test.

A really splendid invention is the Thermos Flask; everybody who values home comforts should have one, and for travelling and picnicking it is the ideal long desired. Tea or soup put boiling hot into the Thermos remains not merely warm, but absolutely as hot as when it was put in, for a whole day. The early morning cup of tea or the master's shaving-water can be prepared overnight, and left in the Thermos, and it will be just the same as if freshly prepared in the morning. There is no trouble about it; you simply pour the fluid into the wide-mouthed bottle. It is equally efficacious in keeping cold drinks icy cold for many hours. Then there is the Thermos Jug, of an elegant shape and silver-plated, which is invaluable for the hot water on the tea-tray, or for toddy in the smoking-room, and so on. A Thermos is supremely valuable for invalids or mothers, for keeping beef-tea, milk, or infants' food hot for use in the night. Every silversmith and chemist supplies the Thermos flasks and jugs.

It seems that big hats are to rule the autumn fashions, although there are sufficient indications that as the windy and chill winter approaches, smaller hats will be chiefly bought for the promenade. For full dress, they are almost larger than ever. Silk, glacé, or ottoman, stretched over a shape, makes the lightest huge hats, but black velvet seems to be extremely popular with the milliners. The chief point to bear in mind is that your new hat, to look all that it really is, must have the brim turned up a little—the simple mushroom shape is last winter's old thing, you know. The deep and wide downwards-turning shape that slightly turns up again at the edges all the way round the brim looks right enough; but a pronounced lift of the brim at the left side is best. But there are many new small shapes. The *beret*—a firm, close brim with a puffy soft crown—is one, very nice in black velvet, and trimmed with an upstanding brush aigrette or a flat bow of wide ribbon.

It is said that opals are to be the fashionable stone in jewellery this autumn—either mounted in diamonds or enamel. Many people consider this stone far more beautiful than the ruby or emerald, from the fact of its having so many varying shades. Again, there is no stone that looks so well mounted with diamonds. I hear that the Association of Diamond Merchants, Trafalgar Square, London, are endeavouring to secure the output from some of the largest opal mines in the world. The amethyst, also, is to be a very fashionable stone this autumn, mounted with or without diamonds. FILOMENA.

## WITH ONLY NATURE'S AID.

Weight Reduced Without Effort.

ANTIPON ASSISTS NATURE IN RESTORING A GOOD FIGURE AND PERFECT HEALTH AND IN PERMANENTLY CURING OBESITY, EVEN IN ITS MOST OBSTINATE FORM.

WHAT is it that has so firmly established Antipon as the standard remedy for the cure of obesity? What are the claims which have won for it the recognition of Press and public, and the support of every competent authority—doctors, chemists, nurses, and others? The answer is simple enough: *Antipon is permanent in its effects,*

pushing drugs, etc., which produce no lasting satisfactory results. Modern curative science helps Nature to do her restorative and reconstructive work; the old-time methods of reducing weight by means of drugging, fasting, sweating, etc., simply violate Nature's laws. It is well to remember the pregnant words which Charles Reade put into the mouth of a physician in one of his famous stories: "Nature cures all that are cured; but I pat Nature on the back; the others hit her over the head with bludgeons and brickbats!"

The simple, rational, and pleasant Antipon treatment is dead against all that offends Nature; but it nevertheless reduces weight more rapidly than anything else. Not only that, it *entirely conquers the unnatural, obstinate tendency to put on a lot of flesh without apparent cause.*

Then, again, Antipon, an admirable tonic as well as an unmatched fat-reducer, restores a normal, healthy appetite and sound digestive powers. In this it assists Nature in the assimilation of just the proper quantity of wholesome foods to make new, rich blood and re-develop muscular fibre and nerve tissue. As fast as the body—face, figure and limbs—is resuming correct proportions, with renewed beauty and grace, it is being re-invigorated and restored to perfect health and strength. This marvellous transformation from clumsiness, flabbiness, weakness and want of energy to shapeliness, firmness of limb, and physical and mental fitness, is, then, simply the result—the sure result—of so many good meals a day, heartily enjoyed and well-digested, with a dose of a most agreeable liquid—Antipon—after each repast. Could any treatment be simpler, pleasanter, more rational?

There are countless men and women in all parts of the world who, from being pounds and pounds—nay, two or three stone, and even more—over weight, have to thank the beautiful Antipon treatment, not only for permanently restored symmetry of figure, but for an extended lease of life. Extreme obesity is an ever-present menace, generally owing to the flabby condition of the muscles of the heart, while the effects of the excessive fatty deposits that cling about the liver, kidneys, lungs, etc., are a source of all sorts of complaints. Very stout people never reach the ages to which the comparatively slender attain.

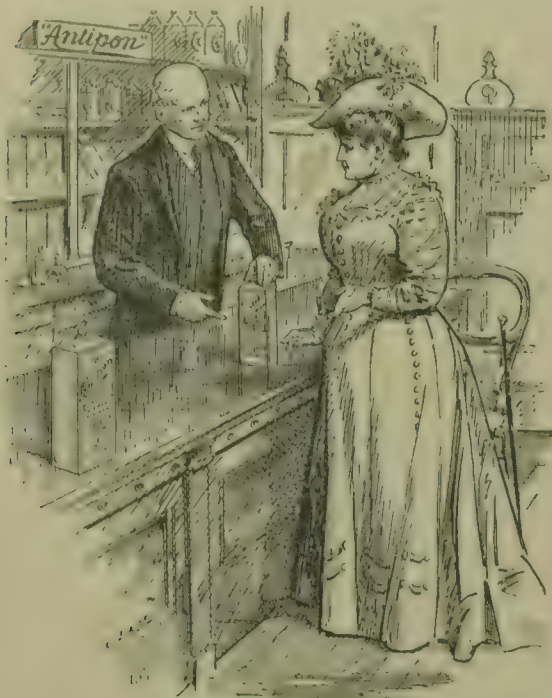
To those who dread wrinkles, it may be said that Antipon, however much the reduction may be, not only leaves none of these ugly lines, but has a peculiar tonic, bracing-up effect on the skin, the pores of which, with stout people, are always more or less congested. Antipon thus purifies the skin and blood and beautifies the complexion.

Chemists in all parts of the Kingdom, and even from the Colonies, frequently convey to the Antipon Company

the thanks of their customers to whom they have recommended Antipon as the perfection of obesity cures. Through this source some of the most gratifying amongst hundreds of unsolicited testimonials have reached the proprietors.

The reduction of weight effected by Antipon varies between 8oz. and 3lb. within the first twenty-four hours. Each succeeding day while the treatment is followed brings its sure, pleasing decrease, together with a growing feeling of buoyancy and comfort, and freedom from languor, and the swift return to health, strength, and energy—not to speak of personal attractions—which alone can make life a real boon.

Antipon is entirely free from mineral or any other objectionable ingredients. It is a refreshing vegetable



At the Chemist's.

CHEMIST (to Stout Lady): "I can positively assure you, Madam, that Antipon will permanently reduce your weight to normal."

and does its beneficent work with no other assistance than Nature sanctions. Plenty of good food, fresh air, and a proper observance of the laws of health and hygiene—these are all the auxiliary requirements.

Chemists recommend Antipon to stout customers who are enquiring for a reliable remedy because they (the chemists) are sure that they are recommending a good thing, which will bring them other customers and will always give entire satisfaction. They know the futility of



A Few Weeks Later.

GRATIFIED CUSTOMER: "I have found Antipon simply marvellous, and am sure that another bottle will more than suffice. I am extremely grateful both to you and to Antipon."

compound in liquid form, has no disagreeable reactionary effects whatsoever, and is not a laxative.

Antipon is sold in bottles, price 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d., by Chemists, Stores, etc., or, in the event of difficulty, may be had (on remitting amount), carriage paid, privately packed, direct from the Antipon Company, Olmar Street, London, S.E.





Miss GERTIE MILLAR writes:

"Gaiety Theatre, Strand, W.C.

"Formamint is the greatest preparation for the throat I have ever used. If my throat is sore I rely entirely on it."

*Gertie Millar*

## SORE THROATS: THEIR CURE AND PREVENTION.

"No ailments are more painful and annoying than those affecting the throat and the organs of the voice."

These words, written by a famous throat specialist, are particularly pertinent just now, when Sore Throats begin to be prevalent. Happily, no one need suffer from this complaint an hour longer than he chooses, for Science has discovered a remedy which is supreme and sovereign in all throat disorders.

This is Formamint Wulfig, the germ-killing throat tablet.

Sore Throats are due to germs, and Formamint contains the most powerful

destroyer of germs in the world. It acts so rapidly that when a scientist mixed a little Formamint with water and added it to the virulent germs taken from the throat of a patient dangerously ill with Diphtheria, they were all killed within ten minutes.

Seeing how prone Sore Throats are to develop into a diphtheritic condition, if not into Diphtheria itself, this fact must commend Formamint to every sufferer, and to every mother at the first sign of Sore Throat among her children. It is absolutely harmless even to the youngest baby.

## Thousands of Doctors Prescribe It.

Besides curing Sore Throat, Formamint, by killing the germs which cause them, prevents such diseases as Tonsillitis, Mumps, Whooping Cough, Measles, Scarlet Fever, Consumption and Diphtheria, to all of which Sore Throat predisposes.

Stimulated by the success of Formamint Wulfig, many preparations claiming to be as good are offered to the public.

This claim is false. Formamint is manufactured under Royal Letters Patent.

Any attempt to imitate it would render the imitators liable to prosecution. They have, therefore, not imitated its composition—only its form and flavour.

To obtain the certainty of cure of all forms of sore throat insist on having Formamint Wulfig.

It can be obtained of all chemists. Price 1s. 11d. per bottle. Write for free sample to-day to A. Wulfig & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C., mentioning this paper.

### PROMINENT USERS OF FORMAMINT:

The Rt. Hon. Arthur J. Balfour, M.P.  
Sir Thomas Glen-Coats, Bart., M.P.  
Sir John Barker, M.P.  
Sir Clifford Cory, M.P.  
Mr. Arthur Hamilton Lee, M.P.

Mr. George Alexander.  
Mr. Ben Davies.  
Madame Kirkby Lunn.  
Mrs. Alfred Lyttelton (wife of the  
Rt. Hon. Alfred Lyttelton, M.P.).

# FORMAMINT THE GERM-KILLING THROAT TABLET.

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THE finest ordinary piano ever made is of no practical use to anyone who cannot play it. It is of but slightly more use to those who can only play a little.

The Pianola Piano is of the fullest use to everyone, for everyone can play on it all the music there is. This is because the Pianola is an integral part of the piano, and the Pianola is the only means of playing the piano which places the novice in the same position as a great artiste. Now since the Pianola is unquestionably the leading player, any piano which contained the Pianola would be more advantageous than any other instrument containing any other player. But any piano we did not consider good enough for the Pianola. We obtained control of two leading "world pianos," the Weber and Steck, and so when you buy a Pianola Piano you secure a combination of the greatest of all players, the Pianola and a piano which has no superior, either the Weber or Steck.

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### Why the Orchestrelle Company can fully warrant the Pianola Piano.

In buying a Pianola Piano the purchaser not only secures exclusive patents and thorough workmanship, but he has the additional advantage of dealing with the actual manufacturers of the Pianola, the Weber and Steck Pianos. Made throughout in its own factories, the Orchestrelle Company can thus, through its own direct knowledge and control, fully guarantee its product.



## THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

NOTHING seems to recur so quickly as the annual Motor Exhibition, and that it is within distance is brought strenuously forward by the announcements now being made to the Press. The alleged slump in the motor trade, and the ill-advised cry on the part of some of the manufacturers that the Show should be dropped notwithstanding, I learn that already the whole available space in the vast hall of Olympia has been allotted, and that nearly three hundred names include the most important manufacturers in Great Britain, France, Belgium, Germany, Italy, and America. The Olympia Show will, moreover, enjoy a great pull by reason of the lapsing of the French Exhibition, which the French makers have refused to support this year. This should result in a large influx of visitors and buyers from the Continent. When the Exhibition is opened the annexe will no longer be found divided from the main wall by the curtain wall, for this, by clever engineering work, is now in course of removal.

It may be difficult to galvanise the British motor-car makers into anything like enthusiasm with regard to a continuance of such competitions as the Tourist Trophy races, but so much cannot be said of the constructors of motor-cycles or the motor-cycling world as a whole. The Tourist Trophy motor-cycle race, which is

to be held on Sept. 23 in the Isle of Man, is already assured of success. No fewer than fifty-eight entries have been obtained, as against the thirty-seven of last year. This big total is made up of thirty-one single,

twenty-six twin, and one four-cylinder machines. Twenty-two of the entries are by private owners, which speaks volumes for the keenness of the motor-cycle public generally, so different from the apathy of the private owners of motor cars. Those who know suggest that it is by no means unlikely that the trophy may be carried off by a private owner. If this falls out it will give motor-cycle racing a very great fillip.

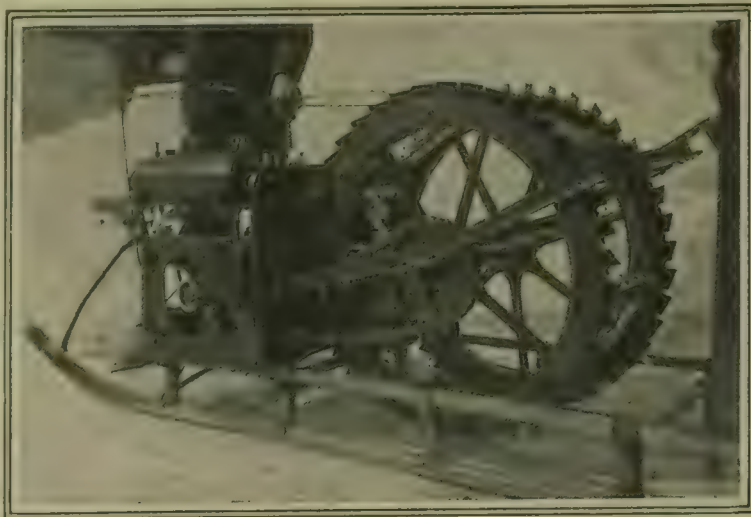


Photo. Branger.

## A MOTOR-SLEDGE WHICH MAY BE USED AT THE SOUTH POLE.

Captain Scott will take motor-sledges with him on his forthcoming Antarctic expedition, but the great difficulty consists in devising some means of securing a sure grip on soft snow or slippery ice. Our photograph shows the ingenious propeller of M. Charcot.



Photo. Branger.

## ANOTHER MODEL FOR CAPTAIN SCOTT: THE DEVICE ADOPTED BY LIEUTENANT BARNES.

This photograph shows the motor-sledge device for transport in heavy snow which is being used by Lieutenant Barnes on M. Charcot's French expedition, which started for the South Pole last year in the "Pourquoi Pas" By now it may have escorted the explorers almost to their destination.

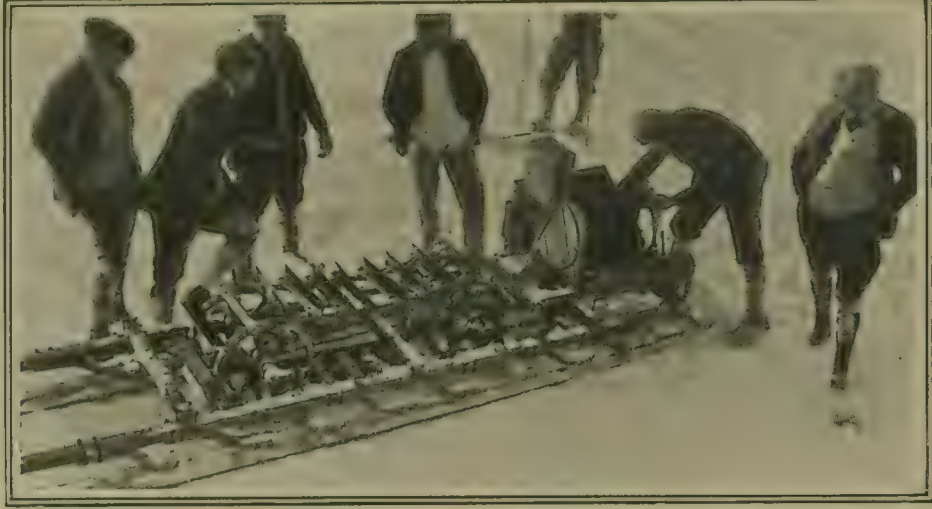


Photo. Branger.

## CAPTAIN SCOTT'S DEVICE: THE MORE COMPLICATED MOTOR-SLEDGE WHICH CAPTAIN SCOTT USES.

Captain Scott, whose new expedition to the Antarctic has just been announced, declares the motor-sledge to be an invaluable adjunct to ponies and dogs on Polar expeditions. He uses the complicated device shown in the above photograph. In future no Polar expedition will be complete without its motor.

FOOZLE (as he smashes his last club):—  
"NOW I CAN ENJOY A GOOD SMOKE"

Smoke **SMITH'S**  
**Glasgow Mixture**

and learn what a **PERFECT MIXTURE** should be.  
SOLD IN THREE STRENGTHS—Mild, Medium and Full

**"Glasgow Mixture" Cigarettes. 10 for 3d.**

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**SAN PAULO**  
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**Sir JAMES CRICHTON BROWNE,**  
the eminent physician and authority on matters pertaining to food, is emphatic in his recommendation of *Pure Coffee*. He describes it as an aid to digestion, and states that it assists the body to throw off waste products, diminishing the sense of fatigue. He quotes the opinion of an authority to the effect that under the influence of coffee, four times the usual amount of work can be done in an hour.

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	"Prince's Plate."	Sterling Silver.
10 inch	£2 2 0	£7 10 0
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14,724.—SOUP TUREEN.

3 quarts, "Prince's Plate"	£9 15 0
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14,805.—OVAL ENTRÉE DISH, 11 inches long.

"Prince's Plate"	£3 10 0
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Also at 23, Boulevard des Capucines.

AND AT SHEFFIELD. MANCHESTER. NICE. BIARRITZ. JOHANNESBURG. BUENOS AIRES.



## SOME NEW BOOKS.

**"The Romance of Chemistry."**(See *Illustrated London News* "Literature" Page.)

Chemistry plays a larger part than most of the uninitiated realise in supplying the needs and contributing to the conveniences of modern life. It has a romance of its own, which has only to be explained to be appreciated, even by the least scientific of readers who possess the gift of imagination. "Romance," as Kipling tells us, "brings up the 9.15," by which City toilers go up to town, and it has long been discovered that science is stranger than fiction. To bring home to the general reader the latent romance in all branches of scientific

knowledge is the aim of that excellent series, "The Library of Romance," which Messrs. Seeley publish. The volume on chemistry, "The Romance of Modern Chemistry," has been written by Mr. James C. Philip, Assistant Professor of Chemistry at the Imperial College of Science and Technology, South Kensington. His book is a fascinating exposition, in popular language, of the wonders of modern chemistry, and he also traces in an interesting manner its development out of antique speculation and mediæval alchemy. The book is well illustrated, and may be thoroughly recommended to all who wish to gain an insight into the marvels of chemistry. It will be especially useful as a present or a prize to young people of a scientific turn of mind.

"The Backwoodsmen." The best stories in Mr. Charles G. D. Roberts's volume, "The Backwoodsmen" (Ward, Lock) are those in which animals play the principal part. It is in "The Vagrants of the Barren," "Macphairrson's Happy Family," and the like that the author's individual quality discovers itself, whereas such tales as "On Big Lonely" and "The Gentling of Red McWha" inevitably call to mind Bret Harte and his mastery in their genre. Mr. Roberts is most excellent when he is presenting the backwoodsmen in opposition with the wild and fearsome forces of nature—Pete Noël, for example, floundering through the ferocious cold of the blizzard on the Big Barren, or Henderson tied to the spruce log, circling steadily



Photo, Delius.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE: A 1-H.P. DELIVERY-VAN IN PARIS. This peculiar vehicle, though the steering-wheel in front makes it look like a kind of motor-van, is really a one-horse-power conveyance, in which the horse is not a mere symbol of energy, but a creature of flesh and blood. It cannot, however, be called a case of horse-traction, but rather of horse-propulsion.

and rhythmically round the Blackwater Pot, fighting the suction of the river through the rim over the terrific cauldron of the falls—or when, like Sam Coxen, they are in a tight place with buck and bear. These things are described with vivid and humorous strokes. When he comes to his humans, his invention is not so strong. There is a sameness in the grandmother's share in Melindy's adventures with the lynxes and the spring bear; and though, if Mrs. Gammit would try boiling water on a marauding bear, she was just as likely to

(Continue over leaf.)



ANTS' NESTS AS OVENS AND MATERIAL FOR TENNIS COURTS: AN AUSTRALIAN SPECIMEN.

Ants' nests like the above are not uncommon in Australia. This one was the highest of many seen in a country district about two hours' journey from Sydney. The natives and settlers, after getting rid of the ants, use the nests as ovens. They also make excellent soil for the formation of tennis courts.

Photograph supplied by F. T. Charles.



THE COLD-WATER CURE FOR INFANTS: A STRANGE PRACTICE AMONG INDIAN MOTHERS.

In the hills round Simla a strange custom has been in existence for centuries among native mothers. Babies, and children up to about ten years old, are placed for hours at a time daily with their heads under flowing water. The water is often icy cold. The popular idea is that it makes the children strong and is a cure for various maladies. Often a number of children are placed under the water together and go to sleep, while a woman minds them.

Photograph supplied by J. L. D. Wilson, Dagshat.

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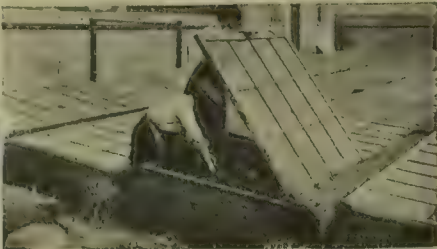
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## Irish Cambric Handkerchiefs.

Almost every make kept in stock in our well-known reliable qualities. Ladies' Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 3/9 doz. Gentlemen's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 6/10 doz.

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Made from linen woven in our own Looms. Four-fold Collars, 4/11 doz. Dress Shirts, 'Matchless' Quality, 5/11 each. Old shirts refitted, 14/- per half dozen.

Price lists and samples post free.

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**THE MELODANT** The glorious possibilities of the "ANGELUS" Piano-Player have been still further enhanced by the introduction of the newly-invented Patent Melodant Expression Device, which gives to the Angelus just that exquisite human-like effect and independence of touch which marks the performance of the accomplished pianist. The Melodant will unerringly emphasise each individual melody note, thus making the tune stand out clear and distinct above the accompaniment, whether in the midst of a chord, or interwoven with musical ornamentation.

**THE PHRASING LEVER**, the marvelous device controlling every variation of tempo, enabling the performer to answer perfectly the technical, intellectual, and emotional demands of the most simple or difficult music. The other exclusive devices of the Angelus all combine to render it the pre-eminent Player-Piano, notably the TOUCH BUTTONS for bringing out the beauties of any melody at will, and the DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS, which impart the pliant, resilient, human-like touch to the keys.

## ANGELUS BRINSMEAD PLAYER-PIANO

combines all the greatest features of two world-renowned instruments in one case. The result is unrivalled touch, tone, and expression. The Angelus is also embodied in pianos of other eminent makers. The

## Angelus Piano-Player

(in cabinet form) will play any Grand or Upright Piano; is adjusted and removed from the Piano in a moment. Beautiful in design and appearance, it contains all the exclusive features which have made the Angelus supreme.

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employ it when porcupines attacked her herring-tub, it not her "aigs," her consistency scarcely justifies the author in making play with it twice over. But we must add that Mrs. Gammit and her escapades are so entertaining that we could not spare a page of her, even at her old tricks. The volume is fully illustrated, sometimes very successfully.

"The Veil." When we say that "The Veil" (Mills and Boon) does not show the traces of the expert hand, we may not be credited with paying its author, Mr. E. S. Stevens, a great compliment. But we are; or, at any rate, we intend it for high praise of his novel. We are all satiated with the fiction of adventure, turned out with a machine-like accuracy, the parts fitting into one another with the inevitableness of sections manufactured to plan and scale. Mr. Stevens, happily, has not learned the trick of romance of that kind. His novel, no doubt, shows a natural instinct for construction. The story of De Colombel and the girl Mabrouka has its proper bearing on that of the woman Mabrouka and the young Sicilian Riccardo. The break in this second story, again, is justified by more than a desire after some uniformity with three parts—"The Veiled House," "The Veiled City," and "The Veiled Prophet." Still, these divisions are,

after all, not essential, and one feels that not thus would the fashioners of the expert romances aforesaid have managed their material. Besides this explanation of the freshness and naïve attraction which we find in

speedily forget the story of the dancing-woman Mabrouka, and the French officer, and Riccardo, and the strange figure of Si Ismael, though it is a story that will hold him while he reads; but its atmosphere of the East will linger with him for long, and this is the element in the book which the illustrations emphasise.

The illustrated record of the first Imperial Press Conference, entitled "A Parliament of the Press," forms not only a fitting souvenir of a historic occasion, but is also a very interesting record of a number of problems of pressing Imperial importance and of the best suggestions which have been made for their solution by statesmen and scribes. Bound in a tasteful cover of light-blue linen, and crammed full of interesting portraits and pictures, the volume, which is issued by Messrs. Horace Marshall at the modest price of half a crown, should have a place in every home where the prosperity of the Empire as a whole, and the closer union of the Mother Country with the Colonies, are matters of moment. The book contains not only a



Photo. Macmahon, Inverness.

A ROYAL RETINUE; BEATERS AND GILLIES IN ATTENDANCE ON THE PRINCE OF WALES ON THE MOY HALL MOORS.

The Prince of Wales has been enjoying some excellent sport in the royal deer forests. The total bag for last week was twenty-two stags, of which thirteen fell to the Prince's own rifle.

Mr. Stevens's book, there is the still more important one that he has known and has himself come under the spell of Tunisia before setting out or even thinking of writing a romance of it. The reader may

peruse by Lord Rosebery, but also the full text of his famous "Welcome Home" speech, which in itself should be sufficient to ensure the volume a place on the bookshelves of every true Imperialist.

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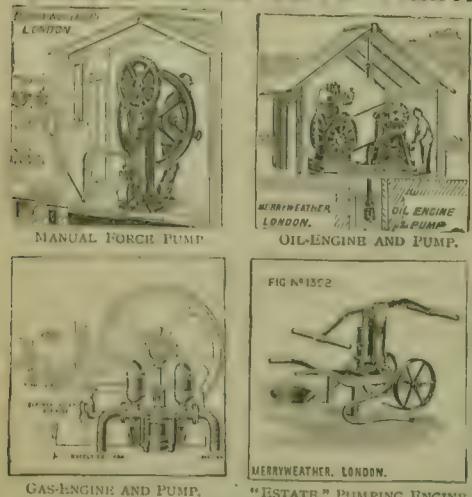
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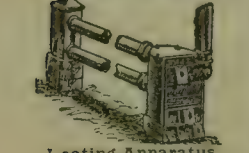
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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Ryle have gone to Sweden, and are not expected back at Farnham Castle until the close of September.

The Archbishop of York will lay the foundation-stone of the Diocesan Church House, which is to be erected at Manchester, on his return from the Swansea Church Congress on October 9.

"Please God, we will resume the nave services on the first Sunday of September," said Dean Lefroy, as was his custom, when he last occupied the pulpit at Norwich Cathedral before he left for Switzerland. When the first Sunday of September 1909 came, Chopin's Funeral March was played in his memory, and the congregation sang Dr. George Matheson's hymn, "O Love, that wilt not let me go." This was Dean Lefroy's favourite hymn, which he always sang with characteristic fervour. Later, the appointment of the Rev. H. Russell Wakefield as the new Dean was made.



A PORT'S INTEREST IN AVIATION: GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO AT THE BRESCIA MEETING.

At the recent aviation meeting at Brescia, the famous Italian poet, dramatist, and novelist, Signor Gabriele d'Annunzio, made an ascent, and has described his sensations in ecstatic language. It will be interesting to see whether he makes any literary use of his experience.

The Rev. the Hon. John Horatio Nelson, who intends to resign the living of Shaw-St. Mary, Newbury, at the end of 1909, is eighty-four years of age and has been Rector of the parish since 1872. He is a brother of the present Earl Nelson, and a great-nephew of the famous naval commander.

The Bishop of Liverpool will preside at the opening ceremony, on September 27, of the exhibition which is being organised by the Church Missionary Society at Liverpool. Lord Shuttleworth is to open the exhibition formally. At a recent meeting of the executive committee, presided over by Archdeacon Madden, it was

of providing "watchers," or "authorised caretakers" for churches which are kept open on week-days. It ought, he thinks, to be possible in most town churches to establish a small fund out of which a reasonable sum might be paid to respectable, well-proved, unemployed Churchwomen, who would be glad to offer their services, and at the same time would derive much spiritual rest and enjoyment from such employment.

In 1911 Turin will celebrate the jubilee of the proclamation of Italian independence, which took place there in 1861, by a grand International Exhibition of Industry and Labour.

The British section will form an important part of the buildings, the Colonies as well as this country being represented. The Prince of Wales has interested himself in the exhibition, which will doubtless attract many more Britons than usual to the land of art and song.

One of the most delicious varieties of the banana is the silver banana of Madeira. In delicacy of flavour it is superior to the dwarf Chinese banana, and very different from the large but somewhat coarse and insipid fruit from the West Indies and Costa Rica. The shortness of the voyage from Madeira makes it very suitable for import to London.

The coming winter tourist season will witness several important touring developments by the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company. In addition to the usual facilities, there will be a series of yachting cruises by the new steamer *Berbice*, which will link up Barbados with Jamaica, calling at a number of islands en route, including Porto Rico and Cuba, and will be used exclusively for pleasure tours. The *Ortona* will make a round voyage to the West Indies and New York in

January on the ordinary mail route, the company will have an attractive series of yachting cruises from New York by the *Avon*, and there will also be weekly trips from New York to Bermuda and back by the *Orotava*.



Photos Branger.

MEASURING THE HEIGHT REACHED BY AN AEROPLANE: ROUGIER PASSING THE INDICATOR AT BRESCIA.

Several French aviators, including M. Blériot and M. Rougier, competed in the aviation contests at Brescia. M. Rougier won the prize for altitude, rising to no less a height than 380 feet. Mr. Glen Curtiss, who was second, attained only 167 feet. Our photograph shows the height-indicator at work.

reported that 2500 people had volunteered in response to the appeals for stewards.

Mr. Ronald E. Bill, Secretary of the Free and Open Church Association, suggests a way out of the difficulty

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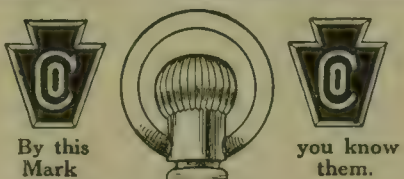


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## MISCELLANEOUS.

THERE is hardly a piece of music worth listening to which cannot now be heard upon the records of the Gramophone Company, who are perpetually adding to their list of vocal and instrumental records rendered by famous artists and musicians. In the latest list, which we have just received, we find among other items such varied selections as the overture to Mendelssohn's "Midsummer Night's Dream," played by the La Scala Symphony Orchestra; Handel's "Where'er You Walk," sung by Mr. James Harrison; Luigini's "Ballet Egyptien," played by the band of the Coldstream Guards; and Harry Lauder's latest success, "I've loved her ever since she was a baby."

The cultivation of bulbs in this country amongst gardeners of every degree, from the autocratic overseer of the big country house to the amateur of the cottage or suburb, has increased enormously in recent years owing to the huge number of varieties which can now be obtained. Messrs. Carter, the famous horticulturists of Holborn, have issued a catalogue which shows a magnificent collection of all the latest kinds of bulbs which are now being purchased for early flowering and forcing. Roman hyacinths in dozens of different hues, majestic English or Spanish iris, jonquils, lilies, narcissus, daffodils, tulips, and other spring flowers are shown in endless profusion in the photographs which adorn every page of the catalogue. Nobody could look through it without finding at least a dozen different kinds of bulb with which they would like to experiment this spring.

The new puzzle picture-postcards which Messrs. Raphael Tuck and Sons are issuing have "caught on" in a most phenomenal manner and threaten to engulf Society in a craze which will leave ping-pong and other great pastimes of the past completely in the shade. Most exciting contests for country houses can be arranged with a series of these picture puzzles, which cost only 1s. 6d. for a box of six. The fascination of joining together the small irregular pieces which form the picture is extraordinary.

"Shavallo," the famous shaving-soap manufactured by Messrs. John Knight, which claims to be the most effective of all shaving-soaps, accompanied many of the Territorials into camp this year, and was voted a great boon. As a rule, camp shaving is very difficult owing to the men's faces getting very tender by exposure to the sun and sea air, and the friction of the collars of their tunics, but this year they made no complaints. "Shavallo" meant an easy shave under trying conditions.

The season at Le Touquet is proving exceptionally brilliant this year. The tennis tournament has drawn a record entry, there being 91 players and 362 separate entries, whilst the competitors number some of the best-known players. The autumn golf meeting takes place this week, and Mr. Walter Winans, who has recently arrived from Spa with his horses and hounds, is arranging a "Drag," which he hopes to make as popular in Le Touquet as he has in Spa.

The Carron Company, the famous ironmasters, engineers, and shipowners, have sent us a very interesting and attractively printed souvenir booklet entitled "A Century and a Half of Commercial Enterprise." Founded in 1759, the Carron Company, which was practically the pioneer of the iron industry in Scotland, has played a most important part in the history of commercial enterprise, and has now reached the 150th anniversary of its foundation with an unbroken and continued business career throughout that long period of time. In a well-written narrative, the whole history of the firm—and a most interesting history it is—is told from its foundation to the present day, and there are excellent illustrations on every page.

## CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

W. E. RUDOLPH (Brooklyn, U.S.A.).—Problems to hand, with thanks. First impressions of them are very favourable.

SYDNEY FOX (Brighton).—Not until the late autumn.

G. STILLINGFLEET JOHNSON AND OTHERS.—Your double solution of No. 3408 is, we regret, too true, as it spoils a fine problem.

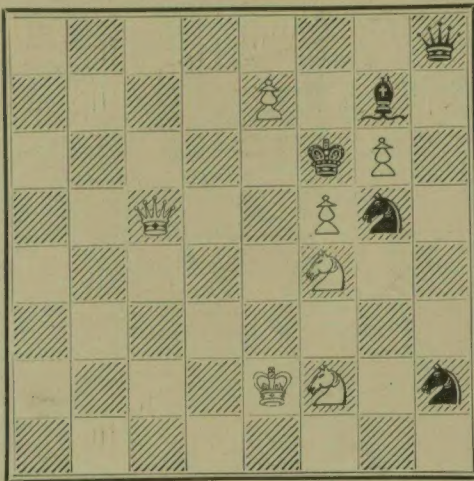
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3402 received from C. A. M. (Penang) and Pestonji Jirunji; of 3403 from Charles Willing (Philadelphia), Pestonji Jirunji (Hyderabad, Deccan), W. J. (Toronto), and F. R. Hanstein (Natal); of 3404 from R. Colby (New York), Henry A. Seller (Denver), Charles Willing, and W. E. Rudolph (New York); of 3405 from R. H. Couper (Malbone, U.S.A.), Henry A. Seller, R. Chaves (Lisbon), Prescott McNeill (Belmont, Mass.), Gertrude M. Field (Athol, Mass.), S. H. Heidebreder (Boston, U.S.A.), and C. Barretto; of No. 3406 from J. B. Camara (Madeira), and C. Barretto; of No. 3407 from Pereira Machads (Lisbon), Frank W. Atchinson (Crowthorne), C. J. Fisher (Eye), Tasso, J. S. Wesley (Exeter), F. R. Pickering (Forest Hill), F. R. Farr, and J. D. Tucker (Ilkley).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3408 received from P. Daly (Brighton), Ernst Mauer (Berlin), Loudon McAdam (Southsea), G. Stillingfleet Johnson (Seaford), R. C. Weddercombe (Saltash), Theodore Roberts (Blackpool), J. Coad (Vauxhall), J. Santer (Paris), T. Turner (Brixton), J. Cohn (Berlin), T. Roberts (Hackney), Hereward, J. F. G. Pietersen (Kingswinford), Charles Burnett, F. R. Pickering, J. A. S. Hanbury (Birmingham), G. W. Moir, E. J. Winter-Wood, J. D. Tucker, J. Steede, L. D. (Penzance), Sorrento, R. Worters (Canterbury), and G. W. Threder (Northampton).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3407.—By A. W. DANIEL.

1. Q to Kt 4th is the Author's solution, but 1. R takes Q (ch) is another way.

PROBLEM No. 3410.—By E. J. WINTER-WOOD.  
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

## CHESS IN SCARBOROUGH.

Game played in the first-class Amateurs' Tournament, between Messrs. W. H. REGAN and J. C. WATERMAN.

(Ruy Lopez.)

- |   |                |   |                  |
|---|----------------|---|------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. R.)  | BLACK (Mr. W.) | WHITE (Mr. R.)  | BLACK (Mr. W.)   |
| 1. P to K 4th   | P to K 4th     | 18. B to Kt 3rd   | Q to Kt 3rd (ch) |
| 2. Kt to K B 3rd  | Kt to Q B 3rd  | 19. K to R sq   | Q R to K sq      |
| 3. B to Kt 5th  | Kt to B 3rd    | 20. Q to Q 2nd  | P to K R 4th     |
| 4. Kt to B 3rd  | B to Kt 5th    | 21. P to B 4th  | P to Q 5th       |
| 5. P to Q 3rd   | P to Q 3rd     | 22. P to B 3rd  | P to B 4th       |
| 6. Castles  | B takes Kt     | The struggle with these Pawns is both keen and interesting, and all to the point. |                  |
| 7. P takes B  | Castles        | 23. P takes P   | P takes P        |
| 8. B to Kt 5th  | Kt to K 2nd    | 24. Q to Kt 2nd   | B takes P        |
| The position is now a well-known one in the Four Knights' Game. Black's proper continuation is a matter of keen controversy. Although the text-move has recently been re-established in favour, we see drawbacks rather than advantages in its use. |                |   |                  |
| 9. B takes Kt   | P takes B      | 25. R takes R   | R takes R        |
| 10. Kt to R 4th   | P to K B 4th   | 26. R takes R   | K takes R        |
| 11. P to K B 4th  | K P takes P    | 27. Q to R 3rd (ch)   | K to Kt 2nd      |
| 12. R takes P   |                | 28. Q to K 7th (ch)   | K to R 3rd       |
| A weak reply, which enables Black to equalise by re-establishing his King's Pawns.  |                |   |                  |
| 13. Kt takes Kt   | B P takes Kt   | 29. Q to B 8th (ch)   | K to R 2nd       |
| 14. P takes P   | B takes P      | 30. P to B 5th  | Q to B 2nd       |
| 15. B to B 4th (ch)   | K to Kt 2nd    | 31. B to Kt 8th (ch)  | K to R sq        |
| 16. Q to K 2nd  | P to B 3rd     | 32. B to B 4 (dis. ch)  | K to R 2nd       |
| 17. Q R to K B sq   | P to Q 4th     | 33. Q to Kt 8th (ch)  | K to R 3rd       |
|   |                | 34. B takes B   | Q to B 3rd       |
|   |                | 35. P to R 4th  | Resigns          |
| The clever combination involved in White's 24th move has been brought to a successful conclusion in charming style.   |                |   |                  |

## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated Nov. 6, 1906) of MRS. ISABELLA BATEMAN, of 17, Palmeira Court, Hove, late of Corner Cottage, Eastbourne, who died on July 19, has been proved, the value of the property amounting to £66,324. The testatrix gives £10,000 to her brother, Robert Agnew; £10,000, in trust, for her brother, Andrew Agnew; £5000 each, in trust, for her cousins Annie Gillies and Agnes Jackson; £500 each to Nellie Bateman, Emma Law, Clara Law, Elizabeth Bateman, Henry Whatley, Mrs. Lissie Leslie, and the Rev. James Wallace; and the residue to the Royal Infirmary, the Bluecoat School, the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, and the Blind Asylum, Liverpool, Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and the Royal Hospital for Women.

The will and codicils of the REV. ALFRED WILSON, of 8, Abingdon Gardens, Kensington, and late of the Vicarage, Bedford Park, have been proved by his widow and sons, the value of the property amounting to £44,315. The testator gives £3400 to his son Charles Edgar Andrew; £4000 each to his other children; £500 to the executors; £500 each to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Society for the Employment of Additional Curates; and the residue to his wife for life or widowhood, and then for his children.

The will of DAME ALINE CAROLINE SASSOON, of 25, Park Lane, and 23, Avenue Marigny, Paris, has been proved by her husband, Sir Edward Sassoon, Bt., M.P., and Baron Léon Lambert, the value of the property amounting to £240,972. The testatrix gives £2400 a year to each of her children during the life of their father; articles of jewellery to members of her family; the remainder of her jewels, lace, and furs to her daughters; and the residue to her husband for life, and then for her children.

The will and codicils of MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS MANKIEWICZ, of 20, Park Street, Grosvenor Square, and 62, New Broad Street, stockbroker, have been proved by Franz James Mankiewicz, the brother, Douglas L. Foxwell, and Alfred P. Jones, the value of the property amounting to £173,171. He gives £2000 to his wife; £5000 to his brother; £500 each to the executors; £1000 each to Edith Nora Hume and Henrietta Rosalie Kohn; £1500 to his adopted daughter Edith Ponting West; £500 to Mabel Danby; and other legacies. Should he leave children, then the income from one half of the residue is to be paid to Mrs. Mankiewicz for life; and, subject thereto, the whole is to go to such children and his adopted daughter. In the event of there being no issue, the income from eleven sixteenths is to be received by his wife, and the residue divided in various shares among his adopted daughter, his brother, Edith Nora Hume, Henrietta Rosalie Kohn, Mabel Danby, and his godson George Eric Jones.

The will (of Aug. 28, 1899), with two codicils, of MR. JOHN LOMAX, of Westwood, Brooklands, Chester, who died on June 24, is proved, the value of the real and personal estate being £175,596. The testator gives £500 each to St. Mary's Hospital (Manchester) and the Royal Infirmary and Dispensary (Manchester); £1000, the use and enjoyment of the house and furniture and the income, during widowhood, from £40,000, to his wife, or an annuity of £150 should she again marry; £25,000 in trust for each daughter, his daughter Winifred Mary accounting for £8000 given to her on her marriage, and the residue to his sons—John Hopwood, Cecil James, and Harry.

The following important wills have been proved—  
Mr. John Henry Brown, Queen Street and Eslington Terrace, Newcastle £67,523  
Mr. Christmas Evans, Penrhel House, Merthyr Tydfil, brewer and colliery proprietor £63,600  
Mr. Henry Freeman, Queen's Road, Kingston Hill £41,993  
Mr. William Middleton Moore, Grimeshill, Middleton, Kirkby Lonsdale £41,363

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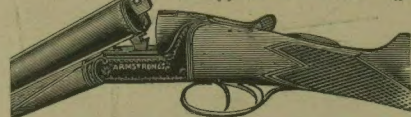
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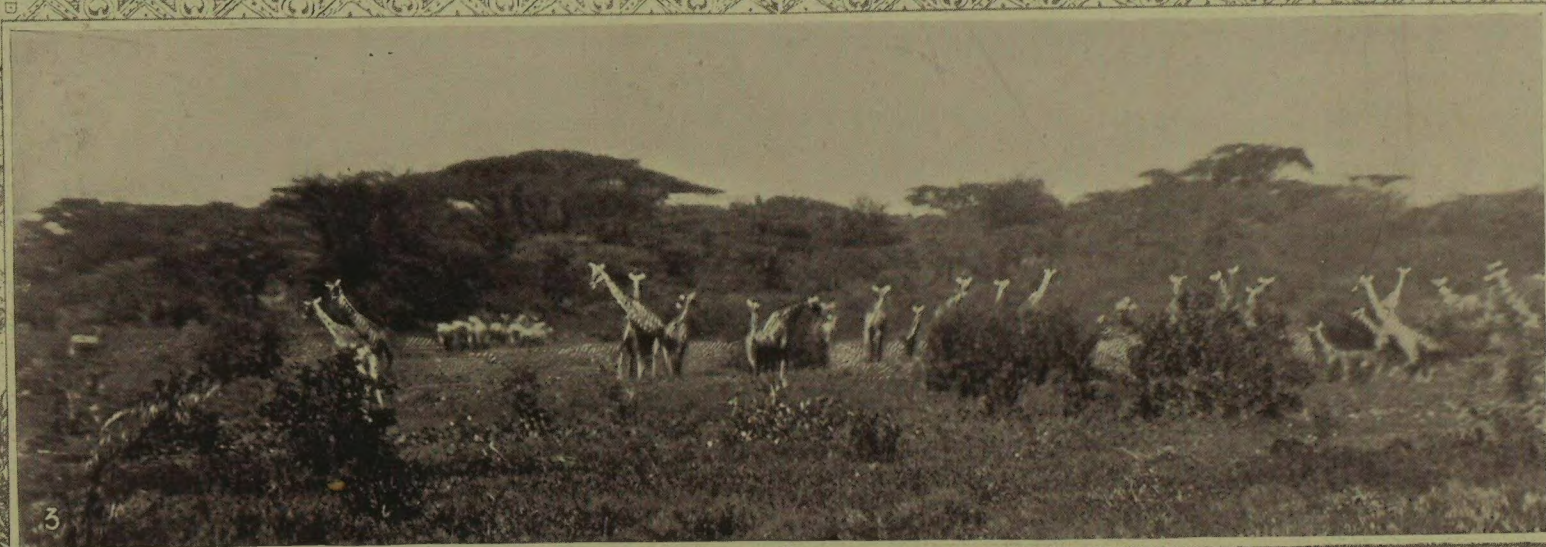
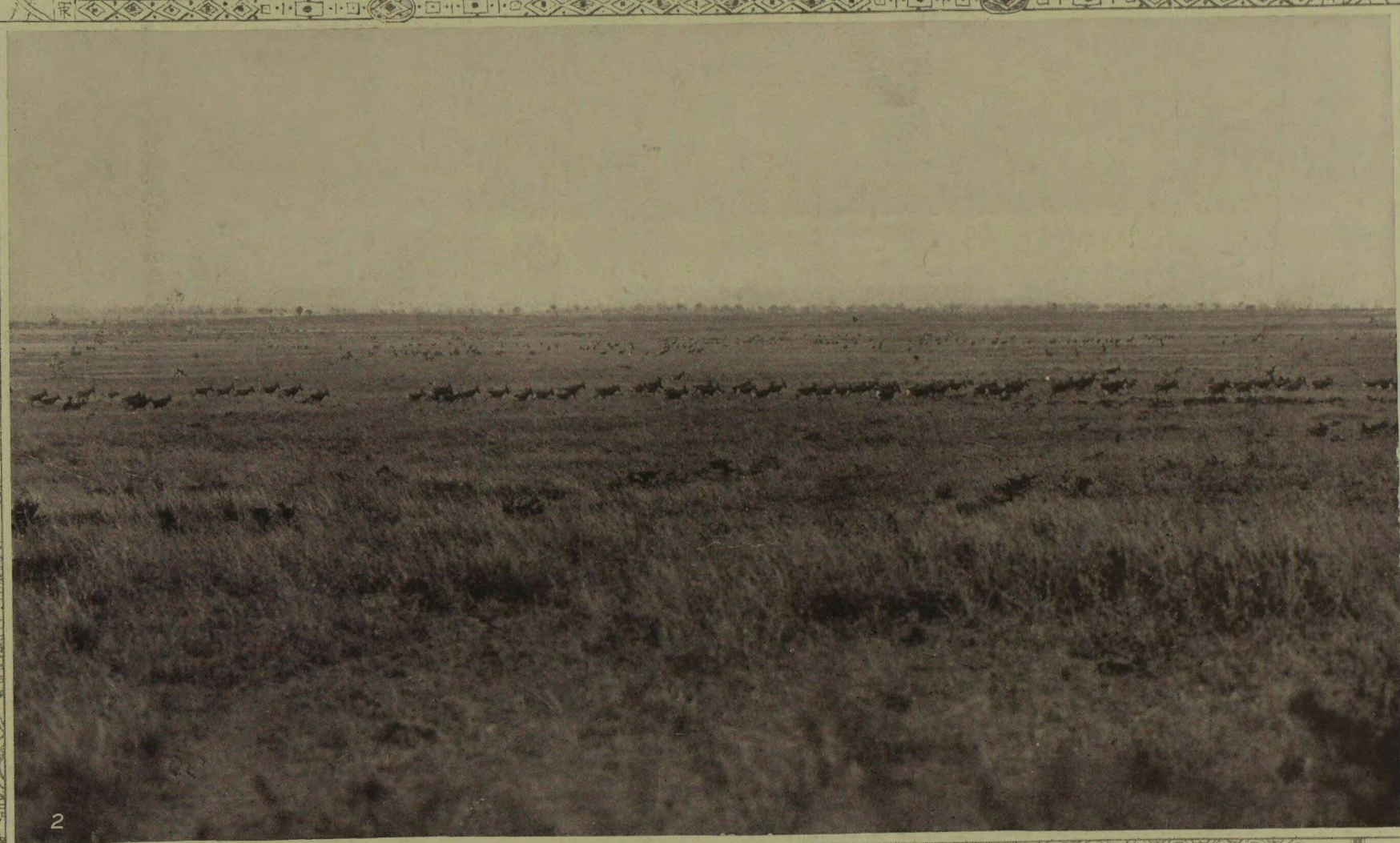
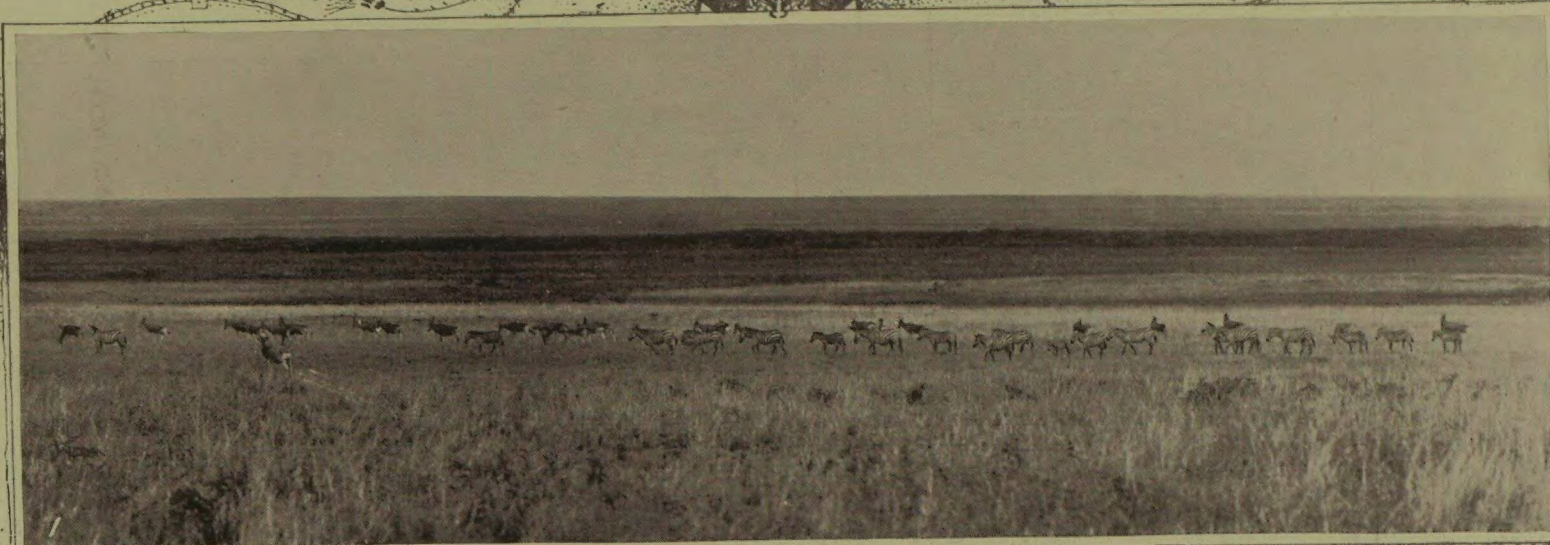
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## HUNDREDS AT ONE SHOT: SNAPSHOTS TAKEN BY STEALTH.

GAME AS PLENTIFUL AS CATTLE: A SPORTSMAN'S PARADISE.



1. A JOYFUL SIGHT FOR ALL SPORTSMEN: A HERD OF GRANT'S ZEBRA AND COKE'S HARTEBEEST AT KAMITE.

2. A PLAIN OF GAME: A HERD OF COKE'S HARTEBEEST AT KAMITE.

3. OLD "ZOO" FRIENDS VERY MUCH AT HOME: PART OF A HERD OF FORTY-FIVE GIRAFFE.

Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore, who took these remarkable photographs of African game in their native wilds, has written in "Collier's Weekly" an interesting account of his methods and experiences. "I started off to the selected place," he says, "and made a rough blind with leafy branches, and there alone with a camera . . . I made myself comfortable. After about an hour's waiting a small herd of hartebeest came out of the sugar bush . . . Another small herd emerged from some scrubby woods about one hundred yards away. . . As soon as they were near enough I made two exposures, but the sound of the shutter frightened them away for good. It was not long before some zebras came walking cautiously along the same path."

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# CAUGHT VERY MUCH UNAWARES: THE SECRETS OF THE RIVERSIDE REVEALED BY THE FLASHLIGHT.



1. SLEEPING WITH ONE EYE OPEN: A CROCODILE DOZING ON THE TANA RIVER.

4. AT VERY CLOSE QUARTERS: THE TIMID COKE'S HARTEEBEESTES SURPRISED AT THEIR DRINKING.

2. HIPPOPOTAMI TAKING A SIESTA: A PEACEFUL PICTURE.

5. SHY. AND VERY MUCH SURPRISED: A HYENA AND, IN THE DISTANCE, SEVERAL HARTEEBEESTES WHICH IT HAD BEEN PURSUING.

3. LIKE SLEEPY PIGS: A FAMILY GROUP OF HIPPOPOTAMI.

6. CAUGHT IN THE FLASHLIGHT: A WONDERFUL PHOTOGRAPH OF COKE'S HARTEEBEESTES AT A WATER-HOLE.

One noticeable point about the second photograph is the great likeness of the hippopotami to the rocks on which they rest. The photographing of hartbeestes is very exciting, owing to the extreme shyness of the animals. "It was about nine o'clock," writes Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore in "Collier's Weekly," "that we saw several hartbeestes approaching. How cautiously they came! For over an hour they continued their investigation, and during that time we were in a state of

breathless anxiety. The slightest sound would prove disastrous. As they finally drew near, my heart beat with excitement as I saw that they would soon be within range of the cameras. On they came until they reached the pool, and then, to my intense satisfaction, they began drinking. With trembling hands I almost unconsciously pressed the button. Off went the flash and away scampered the frightened hartbeestes, leaving their pictures imprinted on the photographic plates."



# EXTRAORDINARY PHOTOGRAPHS, AND THE METHODS BY WHICH THEY WERE PROCURED.

THE WILES OF THE SNAPSHOT SNARER: A LIONESS AT CLOSE QUARTERS.



1. A THORN "BOMA" FROM WHICH PHOTOGRAPHS OF LIONS WERE TAKEN: ARRANGING THE CAMERA IN FRONT.

3. A FLASHLIGHT AT CLOSE QUARTERS: A LIONESS PREPARING TO MAKE A MEAL OFF A DEAD HARTEBEEST.

2. THE THORN "BOMA" FOR PHOTOGRAPHING LIONS: BACK VIEW OF THE CAMERA.

4. A FORMIDABLE SITTER: A LIONESS TAKEN BY FLASHLIGHT AT TEN YARDS.

These intensely interesting photographs of wild beasts in their native haunts were taken by Mr. A. Radclyffe Dugmore at Simba Camp, on the Tana River, in British East Africa. "In selecting a place for flashlight work," he writes in "Collier's Weekly," "it is necessary that there be some reason that the animals should come to the place chosen: a water-hole, a trail, or, in the case of the carnivora, a kill. . . . At first the automatic device was tried—that is to say, the animal by touching a thread would take its own picture. This proved an absolute failure, as the nocturnal birds invariably flew against the threads. . . . So I decided to do the photographing

myself, and in order to do this with safety, we built a boma, or zareba, of thornbush, which, while offering more or less protection, afforded a good view of the water-hole. Near this we placed two cameras well concealed and a flashlight device, all connected by an electric arrangement which simultaneously released the shutter and the flash on the pressing of a button in the boma." The lioness in the above photographs was about to make a meal off the dead hartebeest, which had been killed by lions the previous night, when she was snapshotted by flashlight from the boma at a distance of only ten yards.